CHAPTER 8

Transcriptions taken from the Living Dialect

The transcriptions are taken from excerpts of the continuous speech of seven informants originally recorded on tape. The first part of the first transcription is fairly narrow; the second part of this transcription and those of the other informants are broader. All transcriptions have interlinear translations. Three different lengths of pause are indicated, a single vertical line [|] representing a momentary pause of less than one second, a double line [||] representing a longer pause of up to about two seconds and a triple line [|||] marking a pause of several seconds, or the end of a section of speech. In the final version syllable stress only is marked. Stress is indicated in only one syllable per word. In words of more than two syllables, only the strongest stress is marked. Sentence stress was also indicated in all the original transcriptions, but I reluctantly omitted this in my final version as it involved considerable problems of notation, and did not reveal any striking individuality.

In the narrower transcription an attempt has been made to record every audible speech sound as accurately as possible, without omissions. I have included all questions and comments made during that part of the interview which is transcribed. In the broader transcriptions the phonetic

variants are to a greater extent regularised. Complete continuity has been observed where practicable, although occasionally whole passages are left out, and unintelligible mumblings, hesitations, and interruptions are sometimes necessarily omitted. As an aid to the continuity of the passages transcribed, my own questions have been included, and their inclusion gives the reader an opportunity to observe any changes in speech pattern which are due to questioning.

A great deal of information about local character and folklore is contained in the following transcriptions. The following important features which are not indicated in the transcriptions must be mentioned here. The plosive consonants of all speakers have little or no aspiration. This was most noticeable in the speech of the first informant. His speech was marked by heavy nasalization, but this tendency is not general, and seems to be an idiolectal feature. A feature which appears to be quite general is the darkness of final and sometimes medial [l]. In transcribing the first informant's speech I began to mark this but soon decided to omit it and make a general comment here. Synchronic glottal closure occurs in the speech of all informants, especially with [t] medially and finally in many words. Sometimes a complete glottal stop is heard. These sounds are indicated in the transcriptions. However, the synchronic glottal closure which occurs in words such as ['ɔpm̩] (open) where an unexploded [p] is pronounced before a nasal sound, has not been included.

1. Informant A.

A FAIRLY NARROW TRANSCRIPTION

Why do they speak of Bagthorpe as the place where the geese were drowned?

a: | ðɪs əz trɨu wɔt ɑm 'tɛ̈lɪn ðɪ || ðɪ 'dra:ndəd?
Aye, this is true what I'm telling you. They drowned the

ˆgɛɪs || gɛɪs wəz 'dɛfᵊnə?lɪ dra:ᵊnd iə || ən äl
geese. The geese were definitely drowned here, and I'll

tɛl ðɪ wɪə ðɪ wɨ dra:nd ðɪ wɨ dra:nd in?
tell you where they were drowned, they were drowned in the

'stɔkɪn ɛɨɨ || na·'t? 'stɔkɪn ɛɨɨ || ðɪ wɨ θrɛɪ
Stocking Heel. Now the Stocking Heel - there were three

ə fɔər 'a:zəz ðɪə || da·n ə'gɛnt? 'dɪksɨz ɑəmz ||
or four houses there, down against the Dixies Arms.

wɛ̈ɨt? brɔk rɔnz da:n ət? frɔnt ə ðɛɪz 'a:zəz ||
Well, the brook runs down at the front of these houses,

ən ðʊ wɛnt? da:n ə 'litl̩ bit əv ə 'dʒɪtɪ | ðɪ wɨ
and you went down a little bit of a jitty - they were

'lɔuə ðənt? rɔud || ən ða wɛnt? da:ᵊn ə 'lɪtl̩ bɪt
lower than the road - and you went down a little bit

əv ə 'dʒɪtɪ tə gɛt? tə ðɛɪz | θrɛɪ ə fɔər 'ʁ:zəz ||
of a jitty to get to these three or four houses.

wɛ̈ɬ | ðɪ's əz 'aktʃəlɪ wɔt 'apm̥ wɛn ðɪ
Well, this is actually what happened when they

'dra:ᵊndəd ʔgɛɪs əʔ 'bagθəp | ðɨ sɛ̨ɪ wɪ
drowned the geese at Bagthorpe - they say, "Where

dɔz ðɛɪ kɔm frɔm | ɔɔ 'bagθəp || ða kɔmz frɔm
do you come from? Oh, Bagthorpe; you come from

wɪ ðɪ 'dra:ndəd ʔgɛɪs ðɛn || ɑ: || wɛ̈ɬ ||
where they drowned the geese then." Aye; well;

ðeɪz gɛɪs ðɪ wɪ ɪn ðə kɪuks || əʔ nɛ̈ɪʔ ||
these geese, they were in their coops, at night,

ən dɪ wɨ tə'rɪfɪk stɔ:m | rɛ̨ɪn | ə tə'rɪfɪk
and there was a terrific storm, rain, a terrific

'da:npɔə || ənʔ brɔk ɔə 'flo:d ɪʔs bæŋks ||
downpour; and the brook over-flowed its banks,

ən ɪʔ wɛnt ɔəʔ tɔp ə ðɛɪz kɪups || ən ðɪ
and it went over the top of these coops, and they

wɪ dra:nd ɪnʔ kɪups ||| ðats | ðaʔ |
were drowned in the coops. That's ... that's ...

ðats a:ʔ gɛɪs wɨ dra:nd əʔ 'bagθəp bət
that's how the geese were drowned at Bagthorpe, but

ɪtʔs 'dɛfəʔ | 'dɛfɨnəʔlɪ trʉu |||
it's defi ... definitely true.

What was the Stocking Heel?

ɪʔ wɪ ə nɛɪm əz ðɪ gɛn təʔ θrɛɪ 'a:zəz |
It was a name that they gave to the three houses

θrɛɪ ə fə^{ɔ}uʔ | ðɪ kɔ̣:^{ə}d ɪʔ dæ:n ɪnʔ 'stɔ̣kɪn
three or four ... they called it down in the Stocking

ʃɨɨ̈ || næɔ up i·^{j}ə || ðɔ̈ɪ jous tə bɪ ə rɔ̣ɔ kɔəd
Heel. Now up here, there used to be a row called

sɔltʔ bɔks rɔ̣ɔ ||| sɛ̣im θɪŋ əz 'gu·ɪn da·n təʔ
Saltbox Row; the same thing as going down to the

'stɔ̣kɪn ɛɨɨ̈ || na: ðɨ̈ βɪ | ðɛɪz 'a:zəz əz
Stocking Heel. Now there were ... these houses that have

bɪn nɔk dæ:n i:ə | ðɪ kɔ:d ðatʔ klɔb rɔ̈u |
been knocked down here, they called that Club Row,

wɪtʃ || dɪ'rɒɪvz || ɪʔ bɪ'lɔŋd tə ðɨ̈ 'ɛ̣ɪnʃənt 'ɔ:d^{ə}r
which derives ... it belonged to the Ancient Order

ə 'fɔrɪstəz | wɪtʃ a:m ə 'mɛmb^{ə}r ɔn ən av bɪn
of Foresters, which I'm a member of and have been,

lɒ̣ɨkʔ || 'ɪvə sɪn' || ɑ wɨ̈ʔ | jə mɛ̣ɪd ə 'mɛmbrəʔ
like, ever since ... I was ... you're made a member

'mɔðə lɔ̈dʒ wɛn ðɛ sɪks'tɛɪn || ən ɔ̈m
of the Mother Lodge when you're sixteen, and I'm

'sɪkstɪ'^{j}æɪtʔ na: sɔ̣ɔ ɔv bɪn ɪnʔ 'mɔðə lɔ̈dʒ
sixty eight now, so I've been in the Mother Lodge

sɪn a wə sɪks'tɛɪn || 'ɑkʔn̩ kwoʊʔ jə ə bɪt̬ ə 'sʌmət
since I was sixteen. I can quote you a bit of something

ɛlts ɪn ə 'mɪnɪt || jʉ mɒɪʔ pɪk 'sʌmət ʌp a:t ɔn ɪtʃʔ ||
else in a minute; you might pick something up out of it.

bət 'ɛnɪwe̝ɪ || wɛ̈n ə· || ðats e̝: ðe̝ɪ ge̝ʔ ðe̝ə ne̝ɪm |
But anyway, when ... that's how they got their name,

klʌb ro̝ʊ | bɪ'kɔs ɪʔ bɪ'lɔŋ tə ðə 'e̝ɪnʃənt 'ɔ:drə
Club Row, because it belonged to the Ancient Order of

'fɔrɪstəz | ən ðɪs 'pɔpətɪ wɪ^{ə}r a:m | ɪn na: stɪl dʌz ||
Foresters, and this property where I'm in now still does.

bə(ʔ) wɛn ɑ wə 'tɛlɪn ðɪ ə'ba:ʔ bɪn ɪntʃʔ lɔdʒ ||
But, when I was telling you about being in the lodge;

se̝ɪm nɛ̈ɪt əz ɑ: wɨ me̝ɪd ə 'mɛmbrəʔ 'mɔðə lɔdʒ ||
the same night as I was made a member of the Mother Lodge -

'jəkʔn̩ e̝ɨ jə 'rɛkɔ:d^{ə}r ɔn || jə jʊ·s tə e̝ɪ tɨ ge̝:
you can have your recorder on - you used to have to go

ðɪə ðə no^{ʊ}z || jʉʊd ad tə· bɪ pɑs fɪʔ wɪ
there you know, you'd had to be passed fit with(= by)

ə 'dɔktər ən 'ɪvrɪθɪŋk bɪ'fo̝ə jə kəd goʊ ɪn əʔ |
a doctor and everything before you could go in at ...

'ɪntəʃʔ lɔdʒ əʃʔ ðɪs tɑ:m əʃʔ de̝ɪ || bəʔ wɑ:l ɑ:
into the Lodge at this time of the day; but while I

wɨ 'weɪtɪn tə goʊ ɪn ðaʃʔ nɛ̈ɪtʃʔ || ɒ pɪkt ə 'matʃbɔks ʌp ||
was waiting to go in that night, I picked a matchbox up,

ən ˈɪnsɪdɛntlɪ ɪʔ wɪ ˈɪŋlənᵈz ˈgl̥ːrɪ matʃˈbɔks ||
and incidentally it was an England's Glory matchbox,

ɐn ðɪs ɨz wɚ̈r ɪt͡ʔ sɛd ɔnt͡ʔ bak ɔn ɪʔ || ðɪ wɔz
and this is what it said on the back of it: There was

ə mn̥ nɛɪm ˈkɛ̨ɪzə bɪɬ || ɛɪ ˈɔːlɨz lɒɪk təᵓ wɛək ɪz wɪɬ ||
a man named Kaiser Bill, He always liked to work his will,

ən wɛn ɐt͡ʔ las wɪ soəd ɪn and || ɛɪ strɔk ət
And when at last, with sword in hand, He struck at

ˈɪŋlənz pi:sfʊl land || ɛɪ smæʃt ɔp ˈant͡ʔwɛəp || æɪ
England's peaceful land, He smashed up Antwerp, he

bɛənd ləˈvɐ̨ɪn | ɛɪ ˈtriːtəd ˈiŋləndz ˈɑːmɪ | wɨð dɪzˈdɐ̨ɪn ||
burned Louvain, He treated England's army with disdain;

bʌʔ wɪð ˈɑːmɪz ˈbiːt͡ʔn̥ | taɨd ən ˈgɔːrɪ | hiˑ krɒɪd
But with armies beaten, tired and gory, He cried,

əˈlas | ɑ̟v strɔk mɪ matʃ | tɪz ˈɪŋlənᵈz ˈglɔːrɪ ||
"Alas! I've struck my match, 'tis England's Glory."

naˑ ðaʔ wɨr ɔnt͡ʔ bak ər ə ˈmatʃbɔks || ɑ læ̈ːnt͡ʔ ðaʔ
Now that was on the back of a matchbox. I learnt that

wɑːl wɪˑ wə ˈwɐ̨ɪtɪn | təˍ(ʔ) | tə̟ | tə gɐ̨ʊ ɪn ||
while we were waiting to ... to ... to go in;

ənᵈ ðat͡ʔs əˍ ʔ | ˈfˡftˡ tɯ̟u jɪə sɪn ðat ɪz |
and that's ... fifty two years ago, that is,

nən ðaʔs 'fɪftɪ tʉu jɪə sɪn sɔ̣ʊ |||
and that's fifty two years ago, so ...

Did you see King George when he came to Underwood?

ɑ:(ʔ)| ɑ: wə 'ðɪ·jə || ɑ: wə ðɪə wɛ̈n | ɑ̣ sɛɪd ɪm
Aye, I was there I was there when ... I saw him

ətʔ 'nɔtɪŋəm di: bɪ'fɔ:ᵊr ɪ kɒm 'iʲə | naʊ ʁl
at Nottingham the day before he came here. Now I'll

tɛl ðɪ wɔt 'apm̩(d) ðaʔ di: | ʁ mɪ·n wɛ̈n ɪ kɒm tə
tell you what happened that day - I mean when he came to

'nɔtɪŋᵍəm || ɑ: wɛ̈ntʔ dą:n 'fɛɬɪ mɪᵓɬz͡zɨ kɒ̣:lz ɪtʔ ||
Nottingham. I went down Felley Mill as they call it,

wɔ:kt ɔ̣əʔ mɨsk || ɔ̣əʔ mɨsk ɪɬz | wɔ:kt
walked over the Misk, over the Misk Hills, walked

ɔəʔ mɪsk ɪɬz tə 'hoknɐ || frą̣m 'oknə dæ̣ən tə
over the Misk Hills to Hucknall, from Hucknall down to

'bɒ̣tləz ɪɬ || gɔr ə rɑ:ᵊd frömˑ 'bɒ̣tləz ɪɬ tʉ 'bɒ̣ɬwɒ̣ɬ ||
Butlers Hill, got a ride from Butlers Hill to Bulwell,

katʃt tram frömˑ 'bɔɬwɔɬ 'ɪntə 'nɔtɪŋᵍəm || ðaʔ wɨ
caught a tram from Bulwell into Nottingham. That was

wɛn kɪŋ dʒɔ:dʒ | ɛɪ kɒm ɨn͡ nətʔ ðaʔ wə
when King George ... he came in at ... that was

bɪ'fɔəʔ fɛəs wɛəl wɔːᵊ | nɨn 'ðapʔm̩ bɪ'fɔə
before the First World War, and that was before the

fɔsᵗ wɔl(d) wɔː ɪn | ɪn 'nɒɪntɛɪn | 'fɔːtɛɪn 'nɒɪntɛɪn
First World War in ... in nineteen fourteen nineteen

'ɛɪtʔtɛɪn | ðɛn ɛɪ kɔm iər 'a̱pn̩ əʔ | 'kɔpᵊl ə diːz
eighteen. Then he came here perhaps a couple of days

'ɑftə ||
after.

And you saw him when he went through here?

ɑː wə ɔntʔ tɔp roud wɛn ɪ wɛntʔ̂tθrʉu iə |||
I was on the top road when he went through here.

Was he in a car?

jɛs | oo ɑː 'dɛfɨnətʔlɪ | ë βɛ̣ˑ ɪn ə 'mɔutə ðɛn̂ |
Yes, oh aye, definitely, he was in a motor then,

hɨn ɑː wɪ ɔntʔ tɔp roɔd wɛn ɪ wɛntʔ θrʉu || ən
and I was on the top road when he went through. And

ɑˑ wɨ ɪə wɛntʔ 'dʒɛəmən 'dʒɪpsɪz kɔm || bɑˑʔ
I was here when the German gypsies came, about

'nɒɪntɛ̈ɪn || bæˑtʔ 'nɒɪntɛɪn | s t̂sɪks ʁ θɪŋk ɪʔ wᵊ
nineteen, about nineteen six, I think it was

'iːðə fœr ə siks wɛntʔ 'dʒɛːᵊmən 'dʒɪpsɪz kɔm |
either four or six when the German gypsies came,

tʊɑ: nɔn bɪs | kwɑɨt ʃo̤ə tət | tə̤? jiə bət ɑ̤:ə
I'm not quite sure to the ... to the year, but I

wɨ 'o̤ɔnɪ ë? | ɑ: wɨ 'o̤ɔnɪ ə 'lɪtl̤ la̲d ðɛn | bət ɔ
was only a ... I was only a little lad then, but I

kən rɪ'mɛmbr̤ əm kɔŋ | ən ɑ̤ k?n̤ rɪ'mɛmbət? 'sɛwərɪdʒ
can remember them coming. And I can remember the sewerage

bɪn bɪlt ɔp | 'pɔrɪnt? 'sˡɔərɪdʒ ɪn | o̤p ðɪs
being built up ... putting the sewerage in up this

'vɪlɪdʒ 'ɪʲə |||
village here.

How did youngsters amuse themselves when you were a boy?

nɑ̤ ɐm 'guˑɪn ba̲k tɨ wɛn ɑ: wɪ ə lad na:ə || ɐ̤t? nɛɪt |
Now I'm going back to when I was a lad, now. At night,

ðɪ wɪ no:ə strɛɪ? lamps ðɐ nɔɔz ðɛn || wɛɪd nɔ̤ɔ̤g |
there were no street lamps you know then. We'd no ...

wɛɪd nɔɔ gas ɪn i:ə || gas jɔˑs tə stɔp ə? 'wæ̈ˑ swɔd |
we'd no gas in here. The gas used to stop at Westwood,

ða? wɪ əz fɑ: əst? gas kɔm wɛn ɑ: wɪ ə la̲d || ən
that was as far as the gas came when I was a lad; and

ɪt? jɨɔs tə kɔm tət? jɨu træɪ || nɔɔ fɵ̈ðə
it used to come to the Yew Tree, (an inn) no further

ðənt? jɨu træɪ || ən nɔu 'fo̤ðə nə 'wæswɔd ||
than the Yew Tree, and no further than Westwood.

ɐʔ ɪn | ɑ: 'dɪstrɪkt ɪə || wɛɪ jɪus tə lɪuk 'fɔ̈rəd̤
Well in ... our district here, we used to look forward

fəʔ 'mʉunlɛɪtʔ nɛɪts || ðats wɔʔ wɛ̈ɪ 'wɛntəd ||
for the moonlight nights; that's what we wanted.

bʌr ɪtʔ ʊɪ(d)n͡nə 'mat̤ər ə(z) lɔŋ ə(z) wɛ jʉus tə plɪ·
But it didn't matter as long as we used to play

ɐt ɪntʔ | dɑ̤·ᵊk nɛɪt dʒɔs sɐ̤ɪm əz wɛn ɪʔ wɨʔ
out in the dark night just the same as when it was

'mɪʉunlɛɪʔ | bʌʔ 'mɪʉunlɛɪʔ wɪʔ bɛs nɛɪtʔ || n̤
moonlight, but moonlight was the best night. And

wɛɪ ʃəd plɪ: ətʔ 'lɐ̤̆·ᵊkɪ· | ðaʔ wɨ moə ðən | ðən
we should play at lerky. That was more than ... than

ɛɑt ɐ̤̆lts ətʔ ðɑt | əʔ | ən ɪf tɪ wɔntʔ tə nɔʉ
anything else at that ... at .... and if you want to know

wɔʔ 'lɐ̤̆əkɪ ɪz || wɛɪ ʃəd gɔ· ən ɒɪd əz'sɛnz || 'ɪəðər
what lurky is; we should go and hide ourselves, either

ətʔ || bak əʔ wɔ:əz əz kɷm oəʔ | ðɨz sɷm
at the back of the walls which come over ... there's some

fɛɪl^{d}z əʔ bak ər i·ə || wɛɪ ʃʉd gɛr oəʔ wɔ:ᵊz ||
fields at the back of here; we should get over the walls,

gɔ· ɔp baks 'ɪntə 'sɷmbɔdɪz pɪg kɔuʔ | 'ɛnɪwi·ə || wɛɪ
go up the backs into somebody's pig cote, anywhere. We

jəuz tˡ ɛɪ ə 'kændɫ || ɪnʔ pɪg kǫuts | gu'ɡ pɪk
used to have a candle, in the pig cotes; go and pick

'fǫʔbɒːᵊ tiːmz || wɛˡ jɑ·s tə gɑ from dɑ·ᵊ tə dɑ·ə 'nɔkɪn
football teams. We used to go from door to door knocking

ɐtʔ dɑə | kǣn jᵊ ɛlp ɑː 'fɑʔbɒː(ɬ) klɑb || wɛɪ
at the door, "Can you help our football club?" We

ʃəd gɛ̨r ə 'pɛnɪ ɐtʔ sɑm 'aːᵊzəz ən ə 'ɛ̨ɪpnɪ əʔ 'ɑðəz ||
should get a penny at some houses and a halfpenny at others;

wɛɪ ʃəd 'apm̩ gɛr ə'baːᵊtʔ θrɛɪ bɔb mɔn ðad
we should perhaps get about three bob or more and you'd

ger ə 'fɑʔbɔː ðɛn || θrɛɪ bɔb || bəʔ muər 'ɔftən ðən
get a football then. Three bob! But more often than

nɔʔ | wɛɪd gɑr ən ë̈ɑd kɛ̨ɪs wɪ ə pigz 'bladər ɪn ɪtʔ ||
not, we'd got an old case with a pig's bladder in it;

ðaʔ wɪ ɐ̈ː wɪ jɨɑs tə | mɛɪ əz 'fɑʔbɔːᵊ ||| ən əʔ |
that was how we used to make our football. And ....

wɛɪ ʃəd plɛ̨ɪ ɐtʔ ðᵊë̈ud | gɛ̨ːɨmz ða nɔʉz ɔntʔ
we should play at the old games, you know, on the ...

tsɛ̨ɪm əz ðɪ plɛ̨ɪd ɔntʔ 'vɪlɪdʒ grɛ̨̈ɪn | jɑu jʉus
the same as they played on the village green; you used

tər ë̈ɪ lɔts ə· | gɛ̨ɪmz ðɛn nɔtʔ | nɔtʔ sɛɪm əᶻ |
to have lots of games then, not ... not the same as ...

ðɪ wɨ nǫu 'pɪktʃə 'pɑləsəz || ɑː | kᵊn | ə wᵊz
there were no picture palaces. I ... can ... I was

ˈgəʊnə sɛɪ ðə nɔʊz ɑ: kᵊn rɪˈmɛmbə ˈdʒa̤ksdɛɨɬ ˈpɪktʃə
going to say, you know, I can remember Jacksdale picture

ˈpaləs kɔmˑ bɪˈfoə ˈdʒaksdeɪl ˈpɪktʃə ˈpaləs kɔm | ðɨ
palace coming, before Jacksdale picture palace came, there

jʉus tə bɪ ʃɔuz gɔ raːnᵈ frɔm | ˈvɪlɪdʒ tə ˈvɪlɪdʒ | ˈtedɪ
used to be shows go round from village to village - Teddy

ˈriːnəz fə wɔn t̪ɵɪŋ | ðaʔ wɪ | ən ə dam gɔd
Raynor's for one thing, that was ... and a damned good

ʃo̤u ən ɔˑᵊ ˈtɛdɪ ˈrẹɪnəz wɔː |||
show and all Teddy Raynor's was.

Do you think it's true when people speak of "the good old days"?

wël || jə siː || næːə || ða gɛts ðɪ ˈtælɪ ɪn || wɛn
Well, you see, now, you get your telly in, when

ðaz gọtʔ ˈtɛlɪ ɨtʔ sɛz || ðɨz ðə gɔd oul
you've got the telly it says, there's "The Good Old

dẹɪz | wëltʔ gɔd ɛɔd deɪz | tə mëɪ ðɪ wɔː gɔd
Days". Well, the good old days, to me, they were good

ɛud dẹɪz | bəʔ | ðɪ wɪ sɔm ɑːd tɒɪmz ɪntʔ gɔd
old days, but, there were some hard times in the good

ɛud dɛɪz əz ðɪ kɑː(ɨ)d əm | bʌʔ | ˈdɔnə θɪŋk əz͡s ||
old days as they called them. But, don't think that ...

wɛ ˈwɔnə ˈrɛ̤ulɪn ɪn ˈmọˑnɪ | ðatʔs wɔn θɪŋ || wëɪ
we weren't rolling in money, that's one thing, we

ˈwɔnə ˈrɛ̝̈ulɪn ɪn ˈmo̝nɪ bʌt ɪn | ɪn ðə ˈɛudən di:z
weren't rolling in money, but in ... in the olden days

ðɪ wɨ̞ sɔm | ðɪ wɨ̞ sɔm gɔd tɒɪmz ɪʔ wɪ ə
there were some ... there were some good times; it was a

bɪʔ ˈrǫfə nou dɐ̝̈:ʔ | bəʔ | ðɨ̞ wɨ̞ sɔm go̝d θiŋz |
bit rougher no doubt, but, there were some good things,

ɐnɨ̞n ðɨ̞ wɨ̞ sɔm go̝d θiŋz | ðɨ̞ wɨ̞ |
and then there were some good things. There were ...

ðɪ wɐ̝ gɔd tɑ:mz jo̝ɔ ɐ̝̈d | jᵊad tə mɛɪ jər
They were good times, you had ... you had to make your

ǫɔn gɔd tɒɪmz || ða sɛɪz fər ˈɪnstəns || ðad ɛɪ
own good times. You see, for instance, you'd have

ə bɪ̞t əv ə ˈpɑ:tɪ əʔ wɛ̝̈ɪks | ən ðad dɔn ðɛn tɪl
a bit of a party at the wakes, and you'd done then till

ˈkrɪsmʌs ðɪ wɪ nɛut ɛ̝̈lts | dɪ ˈwɔnə ˈkrɪsmɔs
Christmas, there was nothing else. There weren't Christmas

di:ɨ̞z ˈɪvrɨ̞tʔ | dɪ ˈwɔnə ˈkrɪsməˇs ˈdɪnəz ˈɪvrɪ di:ᵊ
days every ... there weren't Christmas dinners every day

sɛ̝̈ɪm əz ðɪ ɪz na: ən ˈɪvrɪ ˈsǫndɪ | ðɨ̞z ˈmɛnɪ
the same as there is now, and every Sunday. There's many

ə ˈsɔndɪ wɛˡ se' ɪts əz gɔd əz ə ˈkrɪsməˇs ˈdɪnə bəʔ |
a Sunday we say,"It's as good as a Christmas dinner", but,

ðə ˈdɪᵈnə ge̝tʔ ðat ɪn ˈɛudən tɑ:mz | ən ðə ˈdɪdnə get
you didn't get that in olden times. And you didn't get

ɛnɪ 'bɒtrɔn dɪ brɛd | ɪf tɨ 'wɛʲɪn brɛd n̩
any butter on your bread; if you were having bread and

tʃɛɪz ða wᵊ ɛ·ɪn brɛd n̩ tʃɛɪᶻ | ða 'dɪdn̩t
cheese you were having bread and cheese, you didn't

ɛɪ brɛd n̩ 'botər ən tʃɛ̝ɪz || ən ɪf ða gɔr ə bɪt ə
have bread and butter and cheese; and if you got a bit of

bo·ɨɬd am əʔ wɛ̝ɪks ða 'dɪdnə gᵢɨr ɛnɪ 'bɒtər ɔn dɪ
boiled ham at the wakes, you didn't get any butter on your

brɛd | ða gɔr ə bɪt ə bɔɨld am ɔn ðɪ plɛɪtʔ | ən
bread, you got a bit of boiled ham on your plate. And

al tɛ̝l ðɪ ə'nɷðə θ̬ɪŋ | ɪts ən oud 'se·ɨn bət
I'll tell you another thing, it's an old saying but

ɪts trɨo | ða mᵊn ɻ:tʔ ðɪ brɛd n̩ smɐl ᵊtʔ ðɪ
it's true, "You must eat your bread and smell at your

tʃɛɪz || ɛ̈ən bɑɪ gɔ̈d ɪts trʉu || wɛɪ jɷ·s tᵊɛ̝ˡ tə
cheese", and by God it's true! We used to have to

smɛ̈l at ɪtʔ | ðɻ 'dɪdn̩ʔ pɷʔ jə ə pɛ̝ɪs ə tʃɛ̝ɪz ɔ̈n· |
smell at it, they didn't put you a piece of cheese on,

se·əm əz ðɨ dʉu næ:ᵊ | nɑɷ lɑd |||
same as they do now; no lad.

But you still look on them as the good old days?

ɑ:ᵊ stɪl lɷk ɔ̈n əm | weɪv ad sɷm 'ɑ̨pɪ tɒ·ɨmz ||
I still look on them ... we've had some happy times.

ˈprɒbəblɪ ðɨz sɑm θɪŋz jəd lɒ:ᵊk tə sɛɪ kɑm bak? |
probably there's some things you'd like to see come back,

ɐn ðɨz sɑm əz jə ˈdɑnə want?͡ tə sɑɪ |||
and there's some that you don't want to see.

I suppose there is a tendency to remember the good times
and forget the bad ones ...

ɐ? | ɐg ˈfəgɛt? ðə bɑd wʌnz | ðɑ̤ts ɪt? || dɐ̤n
And forget the bad ones, that's it.

ðɑ̤ts ɪt? || ɐnˑᵊ | əˈnoˑðə θɪŋ || ɪ ðɛm diˑɨz ||
That's it. And another thing, in those days,

ðɑ̤d ˈsɑndɪ klo:z | n̤ ðɑd ˈsɑndɪ ʃɪɷᵘz | ðə
you'd Sunday clothes, and you'd Sunday shoes. You

ˈdɪdnər ɛɪ ðɪ ˈsɑndɪ klɑ̤:z ɔn ˈɪvrɪ di: ðᴮad ðɪ
didn't have your Sunday clothes on every day, you had your

ˈsɑndɪ klɑɑz ɔn ət? ˈsɑndɪ | ən ðɑd ðɪ ˈsɑndɪ
Sunday clothes on at Sunday, and you had your Sunday

ʃɪɷᵘz ɔn ət? ˈsɑndɪ | ðɑd ɔb niˑəl bɨɑts mo:r ə lɛ̈s
shoes on at Sunday. You'd hob-nail boots more or less

ðən nɔ? | ən ˈkoˑdɪrɒɪ ˈbrɪtʃəz̨ || ən ɑl tɛl ðɪ
than not and corduroy breeches. And I'll tell you

əˈnɑðə θɪŋ əz ɑv sɛɪn ət ɑˑər ɑ̤:s || ðɛɪz əz
another thing that I've seen at our house; these are

ɪnt? gɑd ɛud di:z | ðə jɷᵘs tə gɛ? rɑb̲ dɑ̤:ᵊn ət?
in the good old days; you used to get rubbed down at

ˌsɒndɪ | ən ət? 'sɒndɪ nɛ̈ɪt? | ɪf ðɪ dad əd bɪn
Sunday, and at Sunday night, if your dad had been

ɐ:t?ˆtᵊr eɪ ə drɪŋk (ɨ) ɛʊt̬ ə ða̲? wən ɛɪ kɒm
out to have a drink, or anything of that, when he came

ˌɒm ət? 'sɒndɪ nɒɪ? || 'bɛdtɒᵊm ð(ə) ɛ̈ud rɒg əd bɪ
home at Sunday night, bedtime, the old rug would be

rœold ɒp || tɑ'ɨd ɒp | pɒr ə'wi: tɪl nɛ̈ks wɪk'ɛnd ||
rolled up, tied up, put away till next weekend.

nə? | 'fɒɨəplɛɪʂəz g̊ðɪ 'wɒnᵊ ðʁ 'fa̲nsɪ 'fɒɨəpleɪʂəz
Fireplaces; there weren't the fancy fireplaces

ðɪv gɔt? ʈə'di: ðʁ nɔɔz ðᵊ ɛ̈ud 'mɔðər ɛ̈d sɒm
they've got today, you know, the old mother had some

ˌblak'lɛdɪn tə dĩɔ ɪ ðɛm di:z | ɛu ʁdˆtsɒm 'ælbɔu
blackleading to do in those days. She had some elbow

wö̤k | ən ɛu 'ædnə gɔ? | floə 'kɷvəd wɪ 'lɑ:ɨnou
work, and she hadn't got the floor covered with lino

seɨm əz ðɪŋˆgɔt? dẹɪ ɛu wə dæ:n ɔn ər anz ən
same as they've got (to)day, she was down on her hands and

nɛɪz ɪnt? mə'dʒɔrətɪ ə? ɔmz | 'skrɒbɪn əm ||
knees, in the majority of the homes, scrubbing them.

ᵊ ðɛ̈ud 'wɪndəsɪlz ɪə wɨ wɒɪ? | 'wɒɪt?n̩d wɪt? |
The old window-sills here were white ... whitened with the ...

wɪt? 'pɒmɪstoɔn | dɪ 'wɔnə | ðɨ? | 'wɔnə
with the pumice stone; they weren't ... they ... weren't

ˈpeɪntəd seˑəm əz ðɪ hɑ: təˈdeɪ | seɪm əz ðə ˈɑ:θstən
painted same as they are today. Same as the hearth-stone,

ðe ɛud ˈɑ:θstən wɨ ˈpɔʔmɔold | ðɪ ˈwɔnər ə
the old hearth-stone (with pot mould / was pot mould(ed)) there wasn't a

ˈfɑnsɪ | ɑ:θ seˑm əz ðɪ ɪz na:ə ðɪ wɨd | d(ə)
fancy hearth same as there is now, they would ... the

ɛud ˈpɔʔmɔul əd kɔm ä:tʔ | n a(n) | a ˈdʉnə nɔu
old pot mould would come out, and, I don't know

ˈwɛðə jə nɑɔ wɔt ə ˈpɔʔmɔul wɔ: ||
whether you know what a pot mould was.

A pot mould?

ɪʔ wɪ lɒɪkʔ | ɪʔ wɪ lɒɪk ə skweˑə brɪk | mɔə ðən
It was like ... it was like a square brick, more than

æɔʔ | ən | ɪʔ wɨ ə ˈsɔlɪd || ən ðä jös tə wæʔ
anything, and it was a solid, and you used to wet the

ˈɑ:θstən | n ðɛn rɔb ðɪs ˈpɔʔmɑɔl əˈkrɔs ɪʔ | ən
hearth-stone, and then rub this pot mould across it, and

ðɛn ɪt əd drɒɪ ɔp wɑɪtʔ | tseɨm əz ɪf tɨd
then it would dry up white, the same as if you'd

ˈwɒɪʔwɛʃt ɪtʔ | bʌtʔ ðaʔ wə | ðaʔ wɪ ɑ: ðɪ
white-washed it, but that was ... that was how they

wör ɪ ðə ˈɛɑdən di:z |||
were in the olden days.

What was schooling like then, in Selston?

wɜ̈l || skɪulz wɪ ɑ:'rɒɪt? |
Well, the schools were all right, skɪulz wɪ
rɑɪt? tɨr ə dɪ'gri: || koəs | ɑ: wɛ̈nt? tə skɪul tɪl
right to a degree. Of course, I went to school till
ɔ wə 'θɔtɛɪn | ɑ: 'stɑ̟:təd wok ɔnt? 'lɔŋɪs di: |
I was thirteen; I started work on the longest day,
ɪn 'nɒɪntɛɪn 'ɔndrəd n̩ | 'nɒɪntɛɪn 'ɔndrəd n̩ twɜ̈lv ||
in nineteen hundred and ... nineteen hundred and twelve.
ɔ wə 'θɔtɛɪn sɐ̟ɪm di: əzt? tɒɪ'tanɪk wɛ̈nt? dɐ̟:n |
I was thirteen the same day as the Titanic went down,
ən ɑ 'stɑ̟:təd wɔk ɔnt? 'lɔŋɪst di: | dʒɨun ðə
and I started work on the longest day, June the
'twɛntɪ fɔst | 'nɒɪntɛɪn 'ɔndrəd n̩ twɜ̈lv | bət əz
twenty first, nineteen hundred and twelve. but as
rɪ'gɑ:dz 'gu·ɪn tə skɛul | ɑ· wɨ ðɪə || ɑ wɨ ɪn
regards going to school, I was there ... I was in
'standəd 'sɛvn̩ 'ɛnɪrɐ̟ɷd | ðaʔ wɪ ə'bæ:t əz ɒɪ əz
standard seven anyway; that was about as high as
'skɪulɪn wɛ̈nt? ðɛn |||
schooling went then

Flaxey Catching

bʌt? fər 'ɪnstəns wɛɪ jɷs tᵊ gu: 'flaksɪ 'katʃɪn ||
...but for instance, we used to go flaxey catching.

A flaxey was a linnet, wasn't it?

g.ᵉ | ɬ ðaʔ n̥ pɔʔ ðɪs ɔn | nn̥· ə 'flaksɪ || wɒʔ
Aye, you can put this on, now a flaxey, what

wɛɪ kɔ·ᵉd ə 'flaksɪ || q̥ 'dɔnə nɒɔ bəɬ ɑ θɪŋk ɪʔ 'pɔpə
we called a flaxey, I don't know but I think its proper

nɒɪmᶻ ə 'rɛdpɔɔɬ || am nɔn 'gu·ɪn tə bɪ ʃuər ɔn ðat ||
name is a redpoll. I'm not going to be sure on that,

bʌtʔ | ə 'flaksɪ || ɪʔ jʉs tə gɷ tʷɬitʔ | ðɪs wər
but a flaxey, it used to go "tweet", this was

ɒ:l ɪtʔ did | d̥ɬitʔ ||
all it did, "tweet" ...

And you could catch these, could you?

d̥ɬitʔ | wɛɪ jɷ·s tə lɒɪm twɪgz fɔr əm dɔs͡sə sɛɪ |
"tweet". We used to lime twigs for them, do you see?

ən ða jɔs tɬiʔ | ðad eɪ wɔn ət ɔm | ən wæɪ
And you used to have ... you'd have one at home, and we

ʃəd ɛɪ ə kɛʔ | ə kɔ·ᵉ kɒɪdʒ əz wɛɪ jɷ·s tə kɔ·ɬ ɪtʔ |
should have a c... a call-cage, as we used to call it,

ᵉn wɛɪ jɷ·s tə tɒɪ ðɪs | bɔd ɪn əkʔ | ɪnʔ kɔ·ᵉ
and we used to take this bird in a c... in the call

kɒɪdʒ | ðad gɷ əm pɔr əm ɔn ə hɛdʒ ɔnʔ 'kɔmən
cage, you'd go and put them on a hedge, on the common

ɹər ən | ^{d}i:t͡ʔ | ðɛn ðɪd kɒm a:t əʔ
here and, "tweet". Then they would come out of the

'plan̪tɪn | wɛ̈l wɛɪ ʃəd lɒɪm tɨɷ twɪgz wɪtʃ əz ɔ:^{ə}l
planting; well, we should lime two twigs which is all

ɨ'li:g̊ ðə nǫɔz 'na:di:z | ɪʔ 'prɒbəblɪ wɔ: ðɛn· ɪf
illegal, you know, nowadays; it probably was then - if the

'bɒbɪ jɨɷs tɨ kɒm wɛɪ jɨɷs tə | ɛɪd̨ 'sɒmtɑ·^{ə}mz ɛɪd
bobby used to come we used to ... he'd sometimes he'd

ti' ɛ̈z bɒd n̥ kẹɪdʒ ən | joʔ | dɨʔ | ðə jɒ·s tə li:v
take our bird and cage, and, you ... you used to leave

ɛutʔ tə gu· ɐ̈:t əʔrǫɔd ɔ̈n ^{ə}m wɛl ðad | ðad
anything to go out of the way of him. Well,you'd ... you'd

gu· ən lɑɪm ʔbrɒk 'sɒmtɑ:m we dɪ kɒm tə drɪŋk |
go and lime the brook sometimes where they came to drink;

ðad lɑɪm ʔbrɒks wɪ woʔ wɛɪ kɔ:d twɪgz ən ðə
you'd lime the brooks with what we called twigs, and the

twɪg | ðad gɛ̈r ə twɪg ɔf ə ð$^{(ə)}$ ɛdʒ ən dʒɒs |
twigs - you'd get a twig off of the hedge, and just

kɪmp ʔli:vz ɔf ɔn ɪtʔ | ən ðɛn lɒɪm ɪtʔ wɪ bɒd
skim the leaves off of it, and then lime it with bird-

lɒɪm | ən lɛɪ ɛ̈m flaʔ | ɔn sɒm stɒunz dʒɒst ə'weɪ
lime, and lay them flat, on some stones, just away

frɒm ʔ'watə soɷ əz 'watə 'wɒdnə tɒtʃ əm |
from the water so as the water wouldn't touch them;

wɛ̈l wɛn ð̠ɐ̈eɪ wɨ 'kɷmɪn dɷ̠·n tə drɪŋk? | dɪ gɔr
well, when they were coming down to drink, they got

ɔntə?‿twɪgz | dɷs‿sɛɪ | ðə fɛ̠̈ɪ? wɨ fast ɔnt?‿
onto the twigs, do you see? their feet were fast on the

twɪgz || wɛ̈l ðɛm wəz | wɔ? wɨ kɔ:ᵊd 'flaksɪz wɛ̈l
twigs. Well, they were what we called flaxeys; well,

sɷm 'flaksɪz əd gɔ? rɛd ɛdz ən rɛd brɛs· | sɷm
some flaxeys had got red heads and red breasts, some

əd gɔ? 'jɛlər ɛdz | ənd sɷm əd gɔ? | ə 'jɛlə brɛs· |
had got yellow heads, and some had got ... a yellow breast.

dɪ wɨ 'dɪfrənt? 'kɷləz ɪn ðɛm | ɪ? | ɪn ðə (h)ɛdz ən |
There were different colours in them ... in the heads and

ən ðə 'bɔdɪ(z) || wɛɪ jɷ·s tər ɛɪ wɔn ᵚp iʲə || bɪ'lɛɪv
... and the bodies. We used to have one up here, believe

ɪt ə nɔ? || ə wɑɨl bɔd ɛɪ wɛnt ɪnt? kɐ̠ɪdʒ ɔn ɪz ɔɷ n |
it or not, a wild bird, he went in the cage on his own,

ɛ·ᵊ bɪ katʃt ɛɪ wɛnt ɪnt? kɐ̠ɪdʒ ɔn ɪz ɔɷn ||
he hadn't been caught he went in the cage on his own.

mɪ dæd jɷ·s tə lɐ̠r ɪm a:ᵊ? | ɛ̈ˡ jɷ·s 'tɔpm̠?‿kɐ̠ɪdʒ
My dad used to let him out; he used to open the cage

dʊər 'ɪvrɪ 'mɔ:nɪn ən ə'wɐ̠: ɛɪ jɷ: s tə sɐ̠ɪl ən ɛɪ jɷs
door every morning and away he used to sail, and he used

tə kɷm bak 'ɪvrɪ næɪt ||
to come back every night.

A homing flaxey?

ɑ̟: | ʁn ʁʔ | ʁʔ | tə 'fɪnɪʃ wɛɪ | ɪʔ wɨ 'brɛɪdɪn
Aye, and ... to finish with, it was breeding

'sɨ:zn̩ | ɛɪ kɷm wɪ θrɛɪ 'mo^{w}ə || ən ʔ^{ə}fʔ θrɛɪ
season; he came with three more, and all the three

wɛnt ɪn ən ɪm | ðɪ wɪ fɷər ɔ̈n əm ɪnfʔ kẹɪ |
went in and him, there were four of them in the cage,

ən mɪ dad 'ɔpm̩tʔ dɷə fɔr əm ə'gẹn nɛks 'mɔ:nɪn |
and my dad opened the door for them again next morning,

ɐ̟n ɛ̈ɪ 'nɛvə kɷm bak || æɪ | æɪ 'meɪtəd əm ən
and he never came back. He ... he mated them and

stɔ̈p wi· ɪ^{z} mɛɪʔ | ɛə^{z} əz trʉu əz də dẹɪ
stopped with his mate. That's as true as the day,

ðat ɪz |||
that is.

Informant A

A LESS NARROW TRANSCRIPTION

Have conditions in the pit changed much?

θɪŋz əz tʃeɪndʒd ə ləʔ sɪn ɑ:v bɪn 'fɪnɪʃt |
Things have changed a lot since I've been finished,

θrɛɪ jiə | sɛɪ | səu θɪŋz əz nɔn sẹɪm na:
three years, see, so things are not the same now

əz ðɪ wɔ: ðɛn || na: fɨr 'ɪnstəns | ɪn 'ðɛudən
as they were then. Now for instance, in the olden

tɒɪmz ða ad tə wɔ:k | ðɨ wɨ nɔu 'transpoət ɪnʔ
times you had to walk, there was no transport in the

pɪʔs sẹɪm əz ðɪ ɪz tə'di: || ðɪ wɨ nɔu mɔn 'rɒɪdə
pits same as there is today. There was no man-rider

nər ɛut ə ðaʔ || wɛɪ ʃəd 'apn̩ ɛɪ tə
nor anything of that (sort). We should perhaps have to

woək tɪu ə θrɛɪ mɒɪl tə gɛtʔ təfʔ kɔul fẹɪs | bʌtʔ
walk two or three miles to get to the coal face, but

ha:dẹɪz | 'ɪvrɪθɪŋks 'mɔdn̩ | ðɪv 'mɔdn̩ɒɪz pɪʔs |
nowadays everything's modern; they've modernized pits,

ðɪv 'mɔdn̩ɒɪz 'rɔudwẹɪz | mɛn rɒɪdz 'praktɪklɪ rɛɪtʔ
they've modernized roadways, men ride practically right

tə ðə dʒɔb na: || ɪtʔs ɔ: || bɪ'sɒɪd | ɪn ma: di: |
to the job now. It's all ... besides, in my day,

jɔu ad tə gɛʔ kɔul wɪʔ pɪk | ðɪ wɨ nɑ mə'ʃɛɪnz
you had to get coal with the pick, there were no machines

ðɛn | ɪt ɔ: kɑm æ:t ə jə rɪbz | a:l pɑr ɪʔ ðaʔ
then. It all came out of your ribs, I'll put it that

rɔud || joud sɑm a:d wɔk tə dɪu | ma:nd jər ɔm nɔn
way, you'd some hard work to do. Mind you, I'm not

'tɛ̈lɪn jər əz 'kɔljəz dɑnt ɛɪ tə wɔk tə'di: | ɪʔs
telling you that colliers don't have to work today. It's

'fastə | ɪʔs 'fastə ðən wɛn ðɪ wɒ:k wɪ ðɪ ɔun
faster it's faster than when they worked with their own

'sɪnjɪuz | ɪʔs 'fastə tə'di: || ən a:m nɔn 'tɛ̈lɪn ðɪ əz
sinews, it's faster today; and I'm not telling you that

a: kən wɔk sẹɪm əz ðɛm tʃaps | ðɛm tʃaps kɑnt ə
I can work same as those chaps, those chaps couldn't have

dɑn wɔt a: dɪd ɪn 'ɛudən tɒɪmz | ðeɪ brout ɑp wɪ
done what I did in olden times, they (are) brought up with

'mɔdn̩ 'maθədz | a: wɨ brout ɑp wɪ ðɛud ta:m 'kɔljərɪ |||
modern methods, I was brought up with the old time colliery.

Did you have to pay at school?

'ɔunɪ wɛn ða wɛntʔ tə 'nɛɪtʔskɪul | ða ad tə pi:
Only when you went to night-school, you had to pay

'tɑpm̩s ðɛn || a: dɔuntʔ nɔu 'wɛðər ɪʔ wɨ 'tɑpm̩s
twopence then. I don't know whether it was twopence

fə tɪu nɛɪt͡ʔs ə 'wɛðər ɪʔ wɨ 'tɔpm̩s ə nɛɪt͡ʔ || ən
for two nights or whether it was twopence a night; and

ə͡ʔ ɛnd ə͡t͡ʔ tæ:m | wɛɪ ʃəd ɛɪ ə prɒɪz | wɪtʃ |
at the end of the term, we should have a prize, which

'prɒbəblɪ ðad 'kɔntrɪbɪutəd tɪu wɪ jə 'tɔpm̩səz || ɪ
probably you'd contributed to with your twopences. In

ðɛm di:z | ðə θɪŋ əz wɪ ad wɨ ə watʃ | 'ɪŋəsɪl
those days, the thing that we had was a watch Ingersoll

kra:n wɪ kɔ:d əm | ðat͡ʔ di: || ɪʔ wɨ fɒɪv 'ʃɪlɪn |
Crown we called them that day. It was five shillings,

ən ðad ə rɛɪt͡ʔ gɔd watʃ fə fɒɪv 'ʃɪlɪn ða nɔuz |||
and you'd a right good watch for five shillings you know.

- - - Brief interruption - - -

'ɪŋəsɪl kra:n əz ɑ: tɛud ðɪ ə mɪnɪt͡ʔ sɪn | ɑ: ɔd| ɑ: ɔd
Ingersoll Crown as I told you a minute ago. I had ... I had...

ə 'wɪljəm tɛ̈l | 'wɪljəm tɛ̈l əd gɔt͡ʔ 'sɛkən 'fɪŋ^{g}ər
a William Tell. The William Tell had got the second finger

ɔn ən ɔ:ʔ lɔt͡ʔ || ɑ: θout ɑ:d gɔt͡ʔ 'sɔmət ə bɪt͡ʔ
on and all the lot. I thought I'd got something a bit

'dɪfrənt ə 'sɔmbɔdɪ ɛ̈lts | bər ɪʔ 'wɔnər əz gɔd əz
different to somebody else, but it wasn't as good as

ðɛud 'ɪŋəsɪl | ɑ:l tɛ̈l jə ðat͡ʔ | ɪʔ 'wɔnər əz gɔd əz
the old Ingersoll, I'll tell you that, it wasn't as good as

ðɛud 'ɪŋəsɪl || nau |||
the old Ingersoll; no

po you remember George Wagstaff?

ɔu ɑ: | frʌm 'dʒaksdẹɪl || ɑ: | ɪn fakt ɔ wɔkt wɛɪ
Oh aye, from Jacksdale. Aye, in fact I worked with

ɪm | ət? 'dɪfrənt? ʃɪfs | nɔt ə 'rɛglə | ɔ 'wɔnər
him; at different shifts, not a regular ... I wasn't

ɪn ɪz stɔ: 'rɛglə || bʌt? ðad gɛ? mɪuvəd ə'ba:t ə
in his stall regular(ly), but you'd get moved about a

bɪt? || ðɪs wɨ 'gu'ɪn bak tə ðɛud ta:p ə pɪt? || ən
bit - this was going back to the old type of pit and

ɑ ad sɔm dẹɪz wɛn 'aftər ɛɪd dɔn ɔnt? kɔul fẹɪs |
I had some days when, after he'd done on the coal face,

ɛɪd kɔm ɔn tə wɔ? wɛɪd kɔ: 'dẹɪtlɪn || wël | ɛɪd bɪ
he'd come on to what we'd call daytaling. Well he'd be

'kleɪnɪnt? bak 'eəwi:z ɔp | ɛut ə ðat? dɔs tə
cleaning the back airways up, anything of that, do you

sɛɪ || wël | ɪf ðad gɔt? tə 'mɛnɪ mɛn | ə 'sæ'pləs ə
see. Well, if you'd got too many men, a surplus of

mɛn | 'sɔmtɑ:m | ðɪ 'dɪdnə lɒɪk tə sɛnd jə bak | ɑ
men, sometimes, they didn't like to send you back - I

nɔu ta:mz wɨ ɑ:d ða nɔuz | ən | ɪf ðɪ sɛnt? jə
know times were hard, you know - and, if they sent you

bak | wël | ðɪ wɨ nɔut ɔn ɪt 'ɔunɪʔ dɔul ||
back, well, there was nothing for it only the dole;

ɛɔu ɪf ðɪ kəd fɑ:n ðɪ ə ʃɪf ðɪ fɔn ðɪ wɔn ən
so if they could find you a shift they found you one and

ðɪ mɑ:ʔ sẹɪ | ðɛɪ gu' ən av ə ʃɪf wɪ dʒɔədʒ
they might say, "You go and have a shift with George

'wagstaf tə'di: 'albəʔ | ɛɪz dæ:n ðat ɛud 'ɪəwẹɪ |
Wagstaff today Albert. He's down that old airway."

wɪtʃ ɔn əm | ɷ ɛɪz dæ:n aɪʔ taɪnz | ən |
"Which of them?" "Oh, he's down eighteens, and ...

ən | ðal sɛɪ ðaʔ || ðɪz sɔm 'klɔθɪn d æ:n
and you'll see that ... there's some clothing[1] down

ðɪə | wël gɔ θrɪu ðaʔ 'klɔθɪn | wɛn ðaz
there. Well, go through that clothing. When you've

gɔn θrɪu ðaʔ ðəz ə 'kɔpl ə duəz | ðal gɔ
gone through that, there's a couple of doors. You'll go

θrɪu ðɪər ən ɛud dʒɔədʒ əz 'wɔkɪn əʔ bak ə
through there and old George is working at the back of

ðɛm duəz | gɔ ən ëlp ɪm || ðɪz ə lɔt ə stɔf
those doors, go and help him. There's a lot of stuff

da:n ðɪər ən wɛɪ wɔntʔ ðaʔ rɔud 'klɪərɪn θrɪu |
down there and we want that road clearing through,

---

1. A type of screen used in the mine.

bɪ'kɔs ðaʔs mẹɪn rɔud θreu 'ɪntə 'sælsn̩ ||
because that's the main road through into Selston.

ðaʔs frəm 'pɒɪjɪl | ðaʔs frəm 'pɒɪjɪl 'ɪntə
That's from Pye Hill. That's from Pye Hill into

'sælsn̩ | dʒɔədʒ wɔkt əʔ 'pɒɪjɪl | dɪd dʒɔədʒ |||
Selston. George worked at Pye Hill, did George.

Informants A and B (A conversation)

Informant A: gɔd 'mɔ:nɪn mɪk |||
Good morning Mick.

Informant B: gɔd 'mo̤:nɪn pɑ: |||
Good morning pa.

Informant A: 'ɛɑ:tə 'gu'ɪn ɔn |||
How are you going on?

Informant B: ɔ:'rɑɪʔ ðɪs 'mo̤:nɪn |||
All right this morning.

Informant A: nɔr ə bad sɔ'ət əv ə di: ɪz ɪʔ | tə nɒɪs
Not a bad sort of a day, is it? Too nice

tə gɔ dæ:n ðɪər 'ɛnɪrɔud |||
to go down there anyway (i.e. down the pit)

Informant B: a: |||
Aye.

Informant A: dɪd tə gɔ 'ɛnɪwɪə 'jɪstədi: |||
Did you go anywhere yesterday?

Informant B: a: | a wɛntʔ tə 'lɔndən fəʔ dẹɪ |||
Aye, I went to London for the day.

Informant A: wɛntʔ tə 'lɔndən dɪd tə | wɔʔ sɔ:t ər
Went to London, did you? What sort of

ə dʒɔb wɔr ɪʔ ðɪə |||
a job was it there?

Informant B: ad ə grand dẹɪ |||
Had a grand day.

Informant A: dɪdʔ lad gɔ wɪ ðɪ |||
Did the lad go with you?

Informant B: a: | wɛ wɛntʔ təʔ zɪu | tɔk ɪm
Aye, we went to the zoo; took him

təʔ zɪu fəʔ dẹɪ |||
to the zoo for the day.

Informant A: ɑ: sɔu ða ad ə rɛɪtʔ gɔd di: ðɛn
Aye, so you had a right good day then

'jɪstədi: || dɪd tə sɛɪ 'ɛnɪ 'ɛlɪfants |||
yesterday. Did you see any elephants?

Informant B: a: | wɛ sɔ: we: ðat 'ɛlɪfəntʔ 'tombḷd
Aye, we saw where that elephant tumbled

ɪn ən dɒɪd |||
in and died.

Informant A: ɑ: tə 'gu'ɪn 'ɛnɪwɪər ə 'sɛtʔdɪ |||
Are you going anywhere on Saturday?

Informant B: a mɒɪtʔ gɔ tə wɛs'brɔm jɛtʔ a dɔuntʔ nɔu |||
I might go to West Bromwich yet, I don't know.

Informant A: wɛs'brɔm | a dɔuntʔ nɔu ə'ba: ʔ
West Bromwich? I don't know about

wɛs'brɔm || ɑ: mɒɪtʔ gɔ tə 'dɛəbɪ ||
West Bromwich. I might go to Derby.

wɔ̈l | 'ɛnɪrɔud ɔp | wɪər ɑ: tə 'gu'ɪn tədi:|||
Well, anyway up, where are you going today?

Informant B: wɛ 'gu'ɪn tə gɛʔ sɔm 'teɪtəz æ:ʔ
We're going to get some potatoes out

tə'deɪ |||
today.

Informant A: wɔʔ | wɛn ðaz bɪn tə wɔk |||
What? When you've been to work?

Informant B: nɔu | wɪ nɔʔ 'gu'ɪn tə wɛ:k tə'deɪ |||
No, we're not going to work today.

Informant A: wël 'sɔmbɔdɪz gɔʔ tə gu: | ðɪz
Well, somebody's got to go. There's

gɔʔ tə bɪ 'sɔmbɒdɪ gɔ dæ:n ɔn θraɪz |||
got to be somebody go down on "threes".

Informant B: nɔu | wɪ ɔn əz ɔ'ldɪz tə'deɪ | bəʔ
No, we're on our holidays today, but

ðɪz stɪl sɔm 'mɛstəz əʔ pɪt |
there are still some masters at the pit,

ɪnʔ ðɪ 'rɔbəʔ | pɪʔs nɔt ɔn
aren't there Robert? The pit's not on

'ɔldɪ | ðɪ stɪl 'tɔnɪŋkʔ͡kɔul |||
holiday, they're still turning the coal.

Informant A: 'ɛnɪrɔud ɔp | ɑ wɛntʔ da:nʔ 'bɔtəm ɛnd
Any way up, I went down the bottom end

ə 'bagθəp ðɪs 'mɔ:nɪn || ɑ wɛntʔ bɒɪʔ
of Bagthorpe this morning. I went by the

'ʃɛpədz | krɔsʔ͡ 'kwarɪ |
Shepherd's (Rest), across the quarry,

Informant B: wɛ 'gu'ɪn tə gɛʔ sɔm 'teɪtəz æ:ʔ
We're going to get some potatoes out

tə'deɪ |||
today.

Informant A: wɔʔ | wɛn ðaz bɪn tə wɔk |||
What? When you've been to work?

Informant B: nɔu | wɪ nɔʔ 'gu'ɪn tə wɛ:k tə'deɪ |||
No, we're not going to work today.

Informant A: wël 'sɔmbɔdɪz gɔʔ tə gu: | ðɪz
Well, somebody's got to go. There's

gɔʔ tə bɪ 'sɔmbɒdɪ gɔ dæ:n ɔn θraɪz |||
got to be somebody go down on "threes".

Informant B: nɔu | wɪ ɔn əz ɔ'ldɪz tə'deɪ | bəʔ
No, we're on our holidays today, but

ðɪz stɪl sɔm 'mɛstəz əʔ pɪt |
there are still some masters at the pit,

ɪnʔ ðɪ 'rɔbəʔ | pɪʔs nɔt ɔn
aren't there Robert? The pit's not on

'ɔldɪ | ðɪ stɪl 'tɔnɪŋkʔ͡kɔul |||
holiday, they're still turning the coal.

Informant A: 'ɛnɪrɔud ɔp | ɑ wɛntʔ da:nʔ 'bɔtəm ɛnd
Any way up, I went down the bottom end

ə 'bagθəp ðɪs 'mɔ:nɪn || ɑ wɛntʔ bɒɪʔ
of Bagthorpe this morning. I went by the

'ʃɛpədz | krɔsk͡ʔ 'kwarɪ |
Shepherd's (Rest), across the quarry,

ɒp ɛud 'ɒndəwɒd ||
up old Underwood.

Informant B: dɪd jə seɪ 'ɛnɪ 'mɒʃrɒmz |||
Did you see any mushrooms?

Informant A: nɛu | ə 'dɪdnə sɛɪ 'ɛnɪ 'mɒʃrɒmz | ɑ:
No, I didn't see any mushrooms. I

θɪŋk wɛv ə'ba:ʔ gɔn bɒɪʔ 'mɒʃrɒm steɪdʒ
think we've about gone by the mushroom stage

bɪ ðɪs tɒɪm əʔt ʃ jɪə na: || ɑ: sɛɪd tɪu
by this time of the year now. I saw two

'rabɪʔts | ɑ: sɛɪd ðɛm dɒks da:n ə'gɛnʔt ʃ
rabbits. I saw those ducks down against the

'ʃɛpədz |||
Shepherd's (Rest).

Informant B: wɔ ðɪ ɔnʔt ʃ 'watə 'grandad |||
Were they on the water, grandad?

Informant A: nɔu | ðɪ wɨ ɔnʔt ʃ rɔud | ðɛm
No, they were on the road. Those

mɔs'kɔuviz ðɪ wɨ ɔnʔt ʃ rɔud || ɑ: sɛɪd
Muscovies, they were on the road. I saw

ðɛm 'prɪtɪ lɛɪʔts əz wər ɒp ðɪə |||
those pretty lights that were up there.

Informant B: ɪʔts ə 'wɒndə ðɪ dɪnʔt gɛʔ rɒn 'ɔvər ɔnʔt
It's a wonder they didn't get run over on the

rɔud 'grandad ɪnt ɪʔ |||
road grandad, isn't it?

Informant A: ɑ:v sɛd ðaʔ 'mɛnɪ ə tɒɪm ə'ba:t əm |||
I've said that many a time about them.

Informant C

Do you think speech has changed much over the years?

u: ɪt̚s lɔt̚s 'dɪfrənt | ðə kɒnt ə tɔ:kt lɑ:k
Oh, it's lots different. You couldn't have talked like

ðɪ dɪu na: | ɪ ðɛm di:z | bɪ'kɔs ðə 'nɪvər ɪəd ɪt̚ ||
they do now, in those days, because you never heard it.

jo͡ʊ wɛnt̚ tə skɪul | bət ɔ:l əz jə gɔ? wə | 'tɪuθrɪ
You went to school, but all that you got was two or three

sɒmz ən ðad dɒn ət̚ 'lɔukl̩ skɪul bɪ ðə
sums and you'd done at the local school by (the time) you

wə tɛn || ðɪ wə 'nouwɪər ɛ̈ls tə gu: | ðɪ wə nou
were ten. There was nowhere else to go. There were no

'nɛɪtskɪulz | ðɪ wə nou 'pɪktʃəz | ðɪ wə nou
nightschools; there were no pictures; there were no

'bɒsəz | ðɪ wə nou nɛut || ən wɔt ɛdʒə'kẹɪʃən jə
'buses; there was no nothing; and what education you

gɔt ɪt̚ wə | ɪ? wə dʒɒst ə'bæ:t̚ tɪu di:z ə wɪk ət̚?
got, it was ... it was just about two days a week at

skɪul ||| ɪz ɪt ɔn || ɑm 'gu'ɪn tɛɪ ə slɔb ə? 'bɪlë
school. Is it on? I'm going to have a slob at Billy

ðɛn | a:ᵊ || wë̈l | ðə nouz ɪm əz əz dʒɒs lɛft əz |
then! Aye. Well, you know him who has just left us,

ɛɪz nou gɑd bɪ'kɔs ɛɪ 'nɪvə dɪd nou ɛut ə'bæ:t
he's no good because he never did know anything about

'skɪulɪn | ən ɛɪz 'standɪn ðɪə 'watʃɪn ən ɛɪ 'kanə
schooling, and he's standing there watching and he can't

dɪu nɛut ət ɔ: | ɛɪz nou gɑd | ɑ: tɛl ɪm ðat? bət |
do anything at all. He's no good. I tell him that but

ə' | ðat?s ɪ'nɑf ə ðat |||
... that's enough of that.

What sort of employment was available for boys leaving school in your young days?

wël | ə lad əz lɛf skɪul | ɛɪ ad tə mɛɪ ɪz mɒɪnd ɑp |
Well, a lad who left school, he had to make his mind up

tə gɑ tə? pɪt? | ðɪ wə nɛut ëls || ɑ: wə twëlv |
to go to the pit. There was nothing else. I was twelve.

ɑ: lɛft ɔn mɪ twëlf 'bɔθdi: | ɑ: wɛnt? tə? pɪt? nɛks
I left on my twelfth birthday. I went to the pit next

di: | ən | ən ðɪ wə nou 'nɛɪtskɪul | ɑ' ad
day, and ... and there was no nightschool. I had

nɛut ət ɔ: tə | nou ɛdʒə'keɪʃən tɪlt? wɔ: | ən
nothing at all to ... no education till the war, and

ðɛn ɑ' dɪd ə bɪt ə kɔrɪs'pɔndɪn wɪt? 'sɛudʒəz | ən
then I did a bit of corresponding with the soldiers, and

ɑ' dɪd ə lɔt ə ðat sɔ:t ə wək bət? | bɪ'fɔ: ðɛn |
I did a lot of that sort of work, but, before then,

ɪʔ wə ɔ: | ɔ: | mɛɪʔ bɛst ə jə roud |||
it was all ... all make the best of your way.

ɑ 'stɑ:təd əʔ pɪt | di: 'aftər ɑ wə twɛ̈lv | ən ɑ
I started at the pit the day after I was twelve, and I

'stɑ:təd fə wɔn ən 'tɔpəns ə di: || ɑ wə wɔtʔ ðɪ kɔ:l
started for one and twopence a day. I was what they call

ə 'dɔgər ɔn | wɪtʃ mɛntʔ joʊ wə 'ʃɪpɪn ɔn ðə tɔbz |
a "dogger on", which meant you were shipping on the tubs

ɪn wɔʔ wɛ kɔ:l ə ʃɔnt || ɪn θri: mɔnθs joʊ gɔt ə |
in what we call a "shunt". In three months you got a ...

ə ri:z ətʔ 'tɔpəns ə di: | ənd wɛn jəd bɪn 'gu'ɪn
a rise at twopence a day, and when you'd been going

fuə | fuə 'kwoətəz | joʊ gɔt | wɔn ən ten wɪtʃ
four ... four quarters, you got one and ten, which

mɛd jə tɛn ən 'pɛnɪ | fər ə fʊl wɪk fɒɪv ən ə ɛɪf |
made you ten and a penny, for a full week, five and a half,

ənd || ðaʔ wər ə | wɔ:k tə 'i:stwʊd fɔ̈r ɪt | ən joʊ gɔt |
and that was a walk to Eastwood for it, and you got

ə | tɛn | ə | ɪʔ wər ə gɛud ðɛn joʊ ad ə hɛɪf 'sɔvrɪn
... ten ... it was gold then, you had a half sovereign

ən ə 'pɛnɪ | ən joʊ | brɔ:ʔ ɛɪf 'sɔvrɪn ɔm
and a penny, and you brought the half sovereign home

ən əʔ | joʊ wə ðat 'ɔŋgrɪ joʊ stɔp m̩ spɛntʔ
and ... you were that hungry you stopped and spent the

'pɛnɪ ɔn 'sʊmət͡ʰi:t ɪn 'i:stwʊd || ðæ? wə? |
penny on something to eat in Eastwood. That was

æ: wɪ 'sta:təd | and ɑ kən rɪ'mɛmbə mɪ dad 'seɪn | eɪ
how we started; and I can remember my dad saying - he

jɪus tə wɔ:k frəm 'hɑlmə ə 'lɪtl̩ 'kɔtɪdʒ ət 'ɑlmə ðaʔs |
used to walk from Alma, a little cottage at Alma, that's

θri: mɑ:l 'fɔðə ðaʔ rö:d | tə 'waʔnəl | ənd | ɛɪ
three miles further that way, to Watnall, and he

æd ə'bæ:t | fɒɪv ən ə 'kwoətə | tɑɪmz | ɛɪ wɛnʔ fɒɪv
had about five and a quarter times, he went five

tɑɪmz | ən sɪks tɑɪmz fər ə 'kwoətə | ən ɛɪd gɔʔ |
times, and six times for a quarter, and he'd got

ə di: ən ə 'kwoətə tə drɔ:. wɛn ɪd dɑn | ən ɪʔ wə
a day and a quarter to draw when he'd done, and it was

fɑɪv bɔb ə ʃɪft | bʌʔ joʊ kəd get ə bag ə 'flauə frəm
five bob a shift; but you could get a bag of flour from

smɪθs fə fɑɪv bɔb | ðaʔ wə bɪg bag | ən 'teɪtəz
Smith's for five bob, that was a big bag; and potatoes,

joʊ kəd 'ɔ:məs beg əm | ənd ə: | 'ɑðə θɪŋz ə' |
you could almost beg them, and other things

ɪn kɔm'parɪsn̩ | bəʔ joʊ kəd teɪ ə 'barə təʔ 'ko'ɔp
in comparison. But you could take a barrow to the Co-op

ən jə kəd kɑm ɔm wɪ əz mɑtʃ əz ðɪv gɔt ɪntʔ
and you could come home with as much as they've got in the

ʃɔp |||
shop.

What did miners do when they got home from the pit?

wɛl ə | ðə fɐst θɪŋ ðɪ traɪd tə dɪu wər ə | gɛʔ ðə
Well, the first thing they tried to do was get their

'dɪnə wɪtʃ | ə | 'sɑmtaɪmz ðɪ wɛntʔ tə sleɪp bɪ'fɔ: ðɪd
dinner which ... sometimes they went to sleep before they'd

ad ɪtʔ | kɔs ðɪ wə ðatʔ 'taɪəd | əs'pɛʃlɪ ʔ
had it, because they were that tired, especially the

jɔŋ ənz | ən ðɛn ðɪd getʔ dæ:n ɔntʔ rɑg əʔ
young ones, and then they'd get down on the rug at the

frɑnt əʔ fɑɪə | ðɪd ə | ɛɪ wɔtʔ ðɪ kɔ:d
front of the fire, they'd have what they called the

'panʃən ɪn tə wɛʃ əm | ɔntʔ frɑnt əʔ fɑɪə | ən
pancheon in to wash them, on the front of the fire, and

d̥ðɪd bɪ 'dablɪn ɪntʔ 'watə tə mɛɪkʔ kə'neərɪ sɪŋ
they'd be dabbling in the water to make the canary sing

ən'tɪl ðɪ wɛntʔ tə sleɪp | ðɛn ðɪd lɑɪ ɪn ðɪ
until they went to sleep. Then they'd lie in their

pɪtʔ dɔtʔ sɑm ɔn əm ən | wɛtʔ θrɪu | wɪ swɛtʔ | ən
pit dirt, some of them, and wet through with sweat, and

ðɪ gɐtʔ kɛudz gə'loə bɪ'kɔs ə | ðɪd nou tʃans | ðɪ
they got colds galore because they'd no chance; they

wɛntʔ tə sleɪp bɪ'foə ðɪ nɪu ən | ðɪ wouk ɑp sta:vd
went to sleep before they knew and they woke up starved

tə dɛθ ən ðɛn ðɪ ad ə kɛud |||
to death and then they had a cold

Did you ever meet D.H. Lawrence?

nou bər ɑ' wər ɐ | ɑ wər ə bɪg frɛnd əv ə 'mɪrɪəmz |
No, but I was a ... I was a big friend of Miriam's -

'dʒɛsɪ 'tʃeɪmbəz || 'dʒɛsɪ 'tʃeɪmbəz ə? agz fɑ:m wə 'mɪrɪəm ||
Jessie Chambers. Jessie Chambers at Haggs Farm was Miriam;

ən wi: sat? nɛkst i:tʃ 'ɷðə ɪn skɯul |||
and we sat next to each other in school.

Informants D and E

A CONVERSATION

Informant D

jɐ nɔu ðɪ ɛud 'lɔukɬ 'kɔlərɪz | ðɪ jɷ·s tə rɪ'fɛ: tə
you know the old local collieries, they used to refer to

ðɪ ɛud 'lɔukɔu ɐzʔ 'kɔfipɔt || ðɪ jɷ·s tə rɔn
the old loco(motive) as the "Coffee Pot". They used to run

frəm pɪʔ tə pɪʔ 'tɛkɪn ðə tɷbz jə nɔu | ðə trɔks
from pit to pit taking the tubs, you know, the trucks,

jə nɔu | fəʔ 'rɛɪlwɛɪ 'stɛɪʃnz || ən ðɪ ɛud 'rɛɪlwɛɪ
you know, for the railway stations; and the old railway

lɔɪn | ðɪ jɷ·s tə rɪ'fɛ: tə ðɛm ɪ 'sælstən ɐz dʒɪgz ||
line, they used to refer to them in Selston as "jigs".

tɪu ɔn ɐm wə 'lɪftɪn ə tɷb ɔnʔ rɔud ɐʔ pɪʔ jə
two of them were lifting a tub onto the road at the pit, you

nɔu | ðɪ wə 'lɪftɪn ðɪs tɷb ɔn | ən ɪʔ wə di:p
know; they were lifting this tub on, and it was deep

'sli:pər ɔulz jə nɔu | ðɪd nɔn fɪld ɐm ɪn |
sleeper - holes, you know. They'd not filled them in,

ən ɪʔ wər ɪn ə 'vɛrɪ bad plɛɪs | ðɪd 'lɪftəd ən 'lɪftəd
and it was in a very bad place. They'd lifted and lifted

ən 'lɪftəd | sɔu | dʒak sɛz tə tɔm | ɛɪ sɛz | lift ɔp
and lifted, so, Jack says to Tom, he says, "Lift up

tɔm || sɔu ɪ tɔnz rœ:nd tɪu ɪm ən sɛz | nɛɪ ðœɪ |||
Tom". So he turns round to him and says, "Nay, thee".

ə lad əz went ɔn ɪz fɔst dʒɔb əʔ pɪt | ðɪ jɔ·s
A lad who went on his first job at the pit, they used

tə kɔ:l ɪm ə 'gaŋgə | ɪ jɔ·s tə tɛk ə 'pɔunɪ æ:ʔ
to call him a "ganger". He used to take a pony out,

jə si: | ən gaŋ tɔbz təʔ 'tɔnɛ:ʔ | ðɪ kɔ:d
you see, and "gang" tubs to the "turn-out", they called

ɪtʔ || ɛɪz ɪntʔ 'tɔnɛ:ʔ | lɪuk ʃa:p ɛɪ sɛz |
it. "He's in the turn-out! Look sharp", he says,

ðɪz 'kɔ:prəl ɪntʔ 'tɔnɛ:ʔ 'ʃɛ:tɪn ən 'jɔ:pɪn |
"there's Corporal in the turn-out shouting and yawping,

'ʃɛ:tɪn ən 'jɔ:pɪn kɔs jər ə lɔŋ tɒɪm |||
shouting and yawping because you're a long time!"

wɪ wər ə 'vɛrɪ bɪg 'famlɪ jə nɔu | wɪ wər ə tɐɪm ə
We were a very big family, you know; we were a team of

ladz jə nɔu | ən wɪ ɔ: wɔkt əʔ pɪtʔs | ən wɪ
lads, you know; and we all worked at the pits; and we

'ɔ:ləs jɔ·s tə pɪntʃ ɐɪtʃ 'ɑðəz klɔ:z jə nɔu | ðɪ
always used to pinch each others clothes, you know, they

wər ɔ: ɪn ə i:p ən jə jɔ·s tə sɔ:t əm æ:tʔ lɒɪk
were all in a heap and you used to sort them out like

ðɪs | ðɪ wə nɔu 'pɪtɛd baθs ɪn ðɛm di:z jə nɔu ||
this. There were no pit-head baths in those days, you know

ən mɪ dad sɛz | lu:z tə mɛɪ ɛɪ sɛz | ɪə | ɪtʔs
and my dad says, "Looks to me", he says, "here, it's

fɔst ɔp bɛs drɛst || ən wɛɪ jɔ·s tə fɔ:l æ:t u:d
first up best dressed"; and we used to fall out who'd

gɔʔ rɔŋ pɪtʔ bɪutʔs ɔn ||| mɪ 'fɛɪðər ən mɪ
got the wrong pit boots on. My father and my

'granfɛɪðə | ðɪ wɛnt ɪntʔ stɔ:l əʔ 'nɔtl̩ 'kɔljərɪ |
grandfather, they went in the stall at Nuthall Colliery,

ən ðɪ wər 'ɔ:ləs 'hagjuɪn ə'bæ:t a: ðɪ geʔ kɔul ən
and they were always arguing about how they get coal and

a: jə ʃʊd get ɪtʔ | ən ðɪ jɔ·s tə fɔ:l æ:t ə'bæ:tʔ
how you should get it; and they used to fall out about

ðɪs | ən a: wə 'lɔudɪn fɔr əm wɔn di: | a: jɔ·s tə
this; and I was loading for them one day, I used to

fɪltʔ tʊbz jə nɔu | ən ðɪ fɛl æ:t || ən ɒɪ
fill the tubs, you know, and they fell out; and I

ɪəd mɪ 'granfɛɪðə ʃæ:t ən sɛɪ tə mɪ dad | a: tɔm |
heard my grandfather shout and say to my dad, Our Tom!

am gɔn tə pɔt ə tʃɔ:k ma:k ɪə tə'nɛɪt | ən ɪf ða:
I'm going to put a chalk mark here tonight, and if you

kʊmz wɔn ja:d 'ɔvə ðat a sl̩ kʊt ðɪ ɪn tɪu | a sl̩
come one yard over that I shall cut you in two! I shall

nɔk ðɪ 'ɪntə nɛks wɪk ||| ən dʒɔn 'ɛnrɪ 'kɛləm |
knock you into next week!" And John Henry Kelham;

wɛn ɛɪ jɔ·s tə bɪ sɛnt æ:tʔ təʔ 'ʊðə stɔ:z jə nɔu |
when he used to be sent out to the other stalls, you know,

ən ɪd av ə 'lɪtl̩ bɪuk | 'dɛpjətɪ jɔ·s tə seɪ̣ |
and he'd have a little book, the deputy used to say,

ðə mən gu: ɪʔ θɔ'tɛɪnz tə'di: dʒɔn 'ɛnrɪ || ən
"you must go in the thirteens today John Henry"; and

dʒɔn 'ɛnrɪ jɔ·s tə pɔʔ gɔd | bad | 'watə | ɪn ɪz
John Henry used to put "good", "bad", "water" in his

'lɪtl̩ bɪuk jə si: | wɪər ɪʔ wər a:d 'ɔulɪn ɛɪd pɔʔ
little book, you see. Where it was hard holing he'd put

gɔd | ən wɪər ɪʔ wə sɔft 'ɔulɪn ɛɪd pɔʔ bad | ən
"good", and where it was soft holing he'd put "bad", and

ɛɪ jɔ·s tə lɪuk ət ɪz 'lɪtl̩ bɪuk | ɛɪ sɛz | ɪʔ sɛz
he used to look at his little book, he says, "It says

bad ɪə ðə mən gɔ ðɪ'sɛn || ən ðɪ jɔ·s tə peɪ̣
"bad" here you must go yourself!" And they used to pay

əm jə si: | a: mɔtʃ ðɪd skɪupt æ:t || ə stɪntʔ
them, you see, how much they'd scooped out. A stint

wə sə'pɔus tə bɪ sɔu 'mɛnɪ fɔt 'ɔndər ən sɔu 'mɛnɪ wɒɪd |||
was supposed to be so many feet under and so many wide.

Informant E

bɛs θɪŋ ə'ba:tʔ dʒɔn 'ɛnrɪ | wə wɛn ɪ wə 'bɔtɪʲɪn ||
The best thing about John Henry was when he was "buttying",

ənt? 'bɒtɪ wɛnt? n̩ sat ɪnt? gẹɪt? | ən ɛɪd bɪn
and the "butty" went and sat in the "gate", and he'd been

gɔn kwɒɪt ə wɒɪl | dʒɔn 'ɛnrɪ wɔ:kt a:t ən sɛz | ɛɪ |
gone quite a while. John Henry walked out and says, "Hey!

wɒts tə θɪŋk ða:t? 'dɪuɪn || ɑ: ɛɪ sɛz | ɑ:m
what do you think you are doing?" "Ah!" he says, I'm

'skɛɪmɪn || wɔn 'skɛɪməz əz gɒd əz fuə 'wökəz || sɔu dʒɔn
scheming, one schemer's as good as four workers." So John

'ɛnrɪ sat ət? sɒɪd ɔn ɪm || ənt? 'bɒtɪ sɛz | ɛɪ |
Henry sat at the side of him, and the "butty" says, "Hey!

wɒt? dɒs tə 'rɛkn̩ ða:t ɔn wɛɪ ðɛn | ən ɛɪ sɛz | ɑ: |
What do you reckon you're on with then?" and he says "Ah,

ɑ:m 'skɛɪmɪn əz wɛl əz ðɛɪ | ɛɪ sɛz ðəz eɪt? 'wökɪn
I'm scheming as well as you", he says "there's eight working

ɔn ðə 'blɒdɪ feɪs na: ||| ən wɛn 'eərəplẹɪnz fɔs
on the bloody face now!" And when aeroplanes first

'stɑ̟:təd 'flɒʲɪn 'ɔvə | ən ɛɪ jɷ·s tə stand ən lɪuk | ɑ:
started flying over, and he used to stand and look, I

wə 'wɔ:kɪn ɷp nɔb wɪ ɑ: dʒɪm | ən dʒɔn 'ɛnrɪ wə
was walking up the "Knob" with our Jim, and John Henry was

'lɛɪnɪn ɔn ðɪs gẹɪt | ɪd ə 'kʲærəvan ə? 'bɒtəm | ən
leaning on this gate - he'd a caravan at the bottom - and

wɛɪ stɒd tə lɪuk ət? ðɪs 'eərəplẹɪn || dʒɪm sɛz | bɒɪ gɷm
we stood to look at this aeroplane. Jim says, "By gum

'sɑrɪ | ɛ:d tə lɒɪk tə bɪ ɑp ðɪə wɪ ðat | ən
sorry! how'd you like to be up there with that?" And

dʒɔn 'ɛnrɪ əz kwɪk əz 'lɒɪʔnɪn sɛz | ɑ· 'ʃɑdnə lɒɪk
John Henry, as quick as lightning, says, I shouldn't like

tə bɪ ɑp ðɪə wɪ'a:ʔ ðə 'bɑgə ||| wɔn dɪ: | ɛɪ wə
to be up there without the bugger!" One day, he was

'sɛ̈lɪn plɑmz | ɛɪ sɛz plɑmz | ɛɪ sɛz plɑmz 'mɔðə |
selling plums; he says, "Plums!", he says "Plums mother!

plɑmz əz bɪg əz 'blɑdɪ 'bantɪ ɛgz | ən ɛɪ jɑ·s tə sɛɪ |
Plums as big as bloody bantam eggs!" and he used to say,

ən ɪf ðə 'dɑznə want əm dɔunʔ mɔəl əm | kɔs
"And if you don't want them, don't maul them, because

'wɪmɪn jɑ·s tə kɑm 'fɪŋ^{g}ərɪn ðeɪz plɑmz || ðaʔ wə dʒɔn
women used to come fingering these plums. That was John

'ɛnrɪ || ən wɔn di: | ɛɪ kɛɪm tɔp 'maksbr^{ə}
Henry. And one day, he came to the top of Mexborough

ən ɪz ɔs 'tɔmbl̩ dɛd | ɛɪ sɛz | ðaz dɑn sɔm
and his horse tumbled dead. He says, "You've done some

trɪks ɔn mɪ bʌtʔ ðaz 'nɪvə dɑn ðɪs ə'foə || ɛɪ wər
tricks on me but you've never done this before!" He was

ə bɪg gɔ:ntʔ man ðə nɔuz | bɪg an^{d}z | ən ɛɪ lɪvd ɪn
a big, gaunt man, you know - big hands, and he lived in

ə 'k^{j}ærəvan ||| a: || dʒɔn 'ɛnrɪ 'kɛləm || ɛɪ trɒɪd
a caravan. Aye. John Henry Kelham. He tried

'evrɪθɪŋk 'ɑndəʔ sɔn |||
everything under the sun.

Informant D

ðɪs blɔuk wɛnt | tɪu | ə | 'mɔ:wɔd muə | ən ɪʔ wər
This bloke went to ... Moorwood Moor, and it was

ɪnʔ 'æ:tskəʔs jə nɔu || ən ðɪs jɔŋ 'fɛlə | ɑ
in the outskirts, you know; and this young fellow, I

dɔunʔ nɔu 'wɛðər ɪd bɪn tə 'kɔlɪdʒ ə wɪər ɪd bɪn |
don't know whether he'd been to college or where he'd been,

bət ɛɪ kẹɪm tə ðɪs tʃɔtʃ | ɛɪ gẹɪv æ:t ɪz tekst | ən ɛɪ
but he came to this church; he gave out his text; and he

gɔt ɔp ɪ sɛz | ɑɪ am ðə lɒɪt ə ðə 'wɔrəld || ən ɛɪ
got up, he says, "I am the Light of the World!" And he

sɛz | ɛɪ fə'gɔtʔ | 'dɪdnə wɔʔ tə sẹɪ | ɛɪ sɛz |
says ... he forgot, didn't know what to say. He says,

ɑɪ am ðə lɒɪt ə ðə 'wɔrəld | ɛɪ sɛz ɪtʔ fuə tɒɪmz |
"I am the Light of the World!" He says it four times.

ðɪ wər ən ɛud tʃap ɔnʔ frɔntʔ rɔu | sat ɔnʔ
There was an old chap on the front row, sitting on the

frɔntʔ rɔu | 'lɪukɪn ɔp ət ɪm | ən ɛɪ sɛz | jɪs ma
front row; looking up at him, and he says, "Yes, my

lad ən ða wants 'snɔftɪn ||| ɑ kᵊn rɪ'mɛmbər ɛud 'lɪuθə
lad, and you want snuffing!" I can remember old Luther

'kɔumən | əʔ sleɪd leɪn || ən wɪ ad ə 'prẹɪtʃə ðɪə
Coleman, at Slade Lane, and we had a preacher there

ðəʔ wə | lɒɪk tə ki:p 'pi:pl̥ ə lɔŋ tɒɪm | fakt
that was ... liked to keep people a long time, in fact

ɪʔ wər ən 'ɪmpəzɪʃn̩ ɔnʔ jɔŋ fɔuk || ɛɪ wəz 'tɔ:kɪn
it was an imposition on the young folk. He was talking

ə'bæ:ʔ | lɔədz preə | ən ɛɪ wə 'tɛkɪn ɪʔ slɔu
about the Lord's Prayer, and he was taking it slow,

jə nɔu | wɛ:d bɒɪ wɛ:d | ən eks'pleɪnɪn ðɪs | ən |
you know, word by word, and explaining this and,

jə nɔu | 'gu'ɪn ɔ:l 'ɪntəʔ | 'pɔntɪfɪkeɪtɪn ə'bæ:ʔ
you know, going all into the ... pontificating about

ðɪs n̩ʔ 'ɑðə | ən ɛɪ sɛz | ɪʔs teɪn mɪ ə sɛɪt |
this and the other; and he says, "It's taking me a sight,

am 'ɔunɪ a:f wi: θrɪu ɪʔ | sɔu | ɔul 'lu:θə 'kɔulmən
I'm only half way through it." So old Luther Coleman

ɔnʔ θɛ:d rɔu lɪuks ət ɪm | ɛɪ sɛz | wel | 'finiʃ
on the third row looks at him, he says, "Well, finish

iʔ neks tɒɪm ða kɑmz ma lad |||
it next time you come, my lad."

Informant E

ɑ: wɑns ɪəd ə tʃap seɪ | 'mɪsɪs | ðɪ 'rɪubɑb wants
I once heard a chap say, "Missis, your rhubarb wants

'rɔdɪn || ɪʔ wə trɪu ðaʔ wɔ: | ɛɪ wɔ:kʔ͡təʔ
rodding!" It was true, that was. He walked to the

'wɑmənz duə | ən ðɪ wə 'rɪubɑb ɪnʔ ja:d | ɪʔ wə
woman's door, and there was rhubarb in the yard, it was

ðat ɒɪ | ɛɪ sɛz 'mɔðə | 'mɪsɪs 'eɪkɔz | ðə
that high; he says, "Mother, Mrs. Akers! Your

'rɪubɒb wants 'rɔdɪn || ɪt əd gɔn ɒp tə si:d ðə nɔuz |||
rhubarb wants rodding!" It had gone up to seed, you know.

ən 'mɛstə 'gaskɔɪn | ɛɪ wər ə 'vɛrɪ 'a:dn̩t 'ga:dnə | ən
And Mr. Gascoyne, he was a very ardent gardener, and

ɛɪ wər ə 'lɪtl̩ tʃap | ən ɛɪ wər 'ɔ:ləs 'bragɪn ə'bæ:ʔ
he was a little chap, and he was always bragging about

wɔt ɪd grɔud | ðɪs n̩tʔ 'ɷðə || ɣ: ɛɪ sɛz |
what he'd grown, this and the other. "Ooer!" he says,

ɔ: ði:z fɔuk əz se̩ɪ ðɪv gɔtʔ 'te̩ɪtəz | ðɪ 'kanə
"All these folk who say they've got potatoes, they can't

beɪtʔ mɒɪn | ɛɪ sɛz | a:v gɔtʔ 'te̩ɪtəz əz a kŋ geʔ
beat mine." He says, "I've got potatoes that I can get

'rabɪtʔs ɪn'spɪd || ɛɪ sɛz | a:v grɔud 'marəz ɪn mɒɪ
rabbits inside." He says, "I've grown marrows in my

'ga:dn̩ ɒp ðɪə | ən 'wɔ:kɪn ɒp ðɪər a kən ɪər əm 'se̩:ɪn |
garden up there, and walking up there I can hear them saying,

wan təʔ 'ɷðə | ɷtʃ ɒp ðɪər av gɔtʔ nə rɪum |||
one to the other, "Hutch up there, I've got no room!"

na: ðɪs əz trɪu || wɛn dʒak 'aŋkɪn lɪvd dæ:ntʔ rɔud |
Now, this is true. When Jack Hankin lived down the road,

ən ɪ ad ðatʔ 'ga:dn̩ ɔntʔ 'ɷðə spɪd ðə rɔud | ðɪ
and he had that garden on the other side of the road, the

'ɒndəwɔd 'pa:sn̩ wɔ:k dæn wɔn 'mɔ:nɪn | wɔn 'sɔndɪ 'aftə
Underwood parson walked down one morning, one Sunday after

tʃɔtʃ | ən ɛɪ wə 'leɪnɪn 'ɔvə dʒak 'aŋkɪnz geɪt? |
church, and he was leaning over Jack Hankin's gate,

'lɪukɪn ət? dʒak ən 'seɪn gɔd 'mɔ:nɪn tɪu ɪm || ɛɪ
looking at Jack and saying good morning to him. He

sɛd | jɔ· nɔu 'mɛstə 'haŋkɪnz | wɔt ə 'wɔndəfl dʒɔb
said, "You know, Mr. Hankins, what a wonderful job

jɔ· ən ðə lɔ:d əv meɪd əv ðɪs 'ga:dn | dʒak sɛd |
you and the Lord have made of this garden." Jack said,

ða ʃəd ə sɛɪd ðə 'bɔgə wɛn ɛɪ ad ɪt? tər ɪz'sɛn |||
"You should have seen the bugger when He had it to Himself!"

Informant D

ɛud dʒak 'aŋkɪn sed tə 'kɛ:nl 'rɔləstən | sə 'lansləf?
Old Jack Hankin said to Colonel Rolleston, Sir Launcelot

'rɔləstən | ət ðə 'beɪsfəd 'mi:tɪn || ɛɪ wə 'tɛ̈lɪn dʒak
Rolleston, at the Basford meeting, he was telling Jack

ɛɪd gɔt? tə meɪt? 'leɪdɪ moəd | ɛɪ sɛz ɪd gɔt? tə meɪt?
he'd got to meet Lady Maud. He says he'd got to meet

'leɪdɪ moəd | ən dʒak sɛz | aɪ a nɔu 'kɛ:nl | a:v
Lady Maud, and Jack says, "Aye, I know Colonel, I've

gɔt? tə meɪt? 'leɪdɪ 'aŋkɪn tə'nɛɪt? | wɛn ə gɛt? bak |
got to meet Lady Hankin tonight, when I get back,

ən ɪf a dɔuŋ?‿get ɔm sɪun 'ɪtl bɪ 'krakɔu |||
and if I don't get home soon it'll be cracko."

Do you know any other interesting characters?

ɑ: | ðɪ wə mat 'ɔləɳd || wɔn man sɛd tə 'mɛstᵊr
Aye, there was Matt Holland. One man said to Mr.

'ɔləɳd | mat 'ɔləɳd lɒɪk | ɪn ɪz 'leɪtə jɪəz | ɛɪ
Holland, Matt Holland, like, in his later years, he

sɛz | ɪz bɛn 'atʔn ə'lɒɪv mat || bɛn 'atʔn ɛɪ sɛz |
says, "Is Ben Hatton alive Matt?" "Ben Hatton?" he says,

ɛɪz bɪn | ɪz ɪ dɛd mat | u: ɛɪz bɪn dɛd fə
"He's been ..." "Is he dead Matt?" "Oh, he's been dead for

'twɛntɪ jɪə lad | 'twɛntɪ jɪər ɛɪz bɪn dɛd bəʔ nɔn
twenty years, lad. Twenty years he's been dead but not

'bɛrɪd || wɛl ɪtʔ wə trɪu | ɛɪd lɪvd lɒɪk ə 'pɔtərɪn
buried." Well, it was true. He'd lived like a pottering

'ɛ:mɪt | ən ɛɪ wər 'ɔ:ləs sə 'kwɒɪət | matʔ sɛd ɛɪd bɪn
hermit, and he was always so quiet. Matt said he'd been

dɛd fə 'twɛntɪ jɪə bəʔ nɔt 'bɛrɪd || ən ðɪ ɪz sɑm
dead for twenty years but not buried. And there are some

fɔuk lɒɪk ðat jə nɔu | ðɪ ɪz sɑm fɔuk əz əz bɪn
folk like that you know, there are some folk who have been

dɛd fə jɪəz ən nɔtʔ 'bɛrɪd ||| ðɪ wə 'tɛkɪn ðɪs
dead for years and not buried. They were taking this

blɔuk təʔ ɛud 'tʃɔtʃja:d ɪntʔ ɛud 'ʃɛləbɪə | sɔuʔ
bloke to the old churchyard in the old shillibeer, so the

ɛud tʃap tɔnd ræ:nd təʔ 'ɷðər ən sɛd | ða 'nɛdnə
old chap turned round to the other and said, "You needn't

ˈbɔðər ɪtʔs ðaɪ tɔn nekst || ən ðɪ jɔ·s tə kɔm wɪ
bother it's your turn next!" And they used to come with

ðiːz ˈpɔunɪz | ðɪd ɔː gɔʔ bɛlz ˈdʒɪŋᵍlɪn ɔnʔ frɔnt
these ponies. They'd all got bells jingling on the front

əʔ lɛgz | ðɪ jɔ·s tav ðiːz θɪŋz wɪ bɛlz
of the legs. They used to have these things with bells

ˈtɪŋᵍlɪn | ɛntʔ ˈʃɛləbɪə jɔ·s tə kɔm ɔp | jɔːl
tingling, and the shillibeer used to come up. You all

stɔd ˈwatʃɪŋkʔ kɔfɪn ɔːld æ̈ːt əʔ æ̈ːs ˈɪntəʔ
stood watching the coffin hauled out of the house into the

ˈʃɛləbɪə | wɪ ɔːl jɔ·s tə rɔn ˈaftər ɪt əz ˈtʃɪldrən |
shillibeer; we all used to run after it as children.

ɔu ɒɪ | ˈpasɪn bɛl jɔ·s tə tɔul | ðɪ wə muə
Oh aye, the passing bell used to toll; there was more

ˈsaŋktɪtɪ ɪn ðɛm diːz jə nɔu |||
sanctity in those days you know.

How did you amuse yourselves as youngsters?

Informant E

wɛ jɔ·s tə rɔntʔ gɛlz ɔp ən daːntʔ ˈmɔŋkɪ brɪdʒ əʔ
We used to run the girls up and down the Monkey Bridge at

ˈpɪŋstən | wɛɪ jɔ·s tə kɔːl ɪtʔ ˈmɔŋkɪ brɪdʒ || ðɪ
Pinxton, we used to call it the Monkey Bridge. There

wər ən ɛud ˈwɔdn̩ brɪdʒ ˈɔvə ˈðɛrɪwɛʃ | strɛtʃt ˈɔvə
was an old wooden bridge over the Erewash, stretched over

ðɪ ɛud 'reɪlwe̤ɪ 'ɪntəʔ pɪtʔ | ən wɛɪ jɔ·s tə kɔ:l ɪtʔ
the old railway into the pit, and we used to call it the

'mɔŋkɪ brɪdʒ || 'pli:ɪn ɔntʔ 'mɔŋkɪ brɪdʒ 'tʃe̤ɪsɪntʔ
Monkey Bridge - playing on the Monkey Bridge chasing the

'lasəz || wɛɪ jɔ·s tə pə're̤ɪd frəmʔ 'pɪktʃə 'paləs tə
lasses! - we used to parade from the picture palace to

ðɪ ɛud təu ba: | ən ðaʔ wə kɔ:ltʔ 'mɔŋkɪ rɔn |||
the old toll bar, and that was called the "monkey run".

Informant D

θɪŋz əz tʃeɪndʒd antʃʔ ðɪ | ðɪz ði:z kə'si:nɔuz
Things have changed, haven't they? There's these casinos

ən wɔtʔ nɔʔ 'gu·ɪn | 'wɛərəz ɪn ðɔuz di:z ðɪ wə nɔu
and what not going, whereas in those days there was no

sɔ:t əv ə'mɪuzmənt | ən ɪʔ wə da:k | ðɪ wə nɔu
sort of amusement, and it was dark, there were no

lɛɪtʔs |||
lights.

Informant E

Wɛɪ jɔ·s tə gɔ 'slɛərɪn ɪn 'wɪntə || ɔ slɛəd wɔns ən gɔt
We used to go slurring in winter. I slurred once and got

ɪntʔ 'wɪmzɪ pɔnd || ɪtʔ wə me̤ɪd fəʔ 'kɔljərɪ | ðə
into the whimsey pond. It was made for the colliery; you

nɔuz wɪə 'skɛgnɛs 'kɔ:nər ɪz ət? 'sɛ̈lsn̩ | wəl ðə
know where Skegness corner is at Selston, well, the

'wɪmzɪ pɔnd wə ðɪə | ən ðɪ wə rɔutʃ ɪn ɪt? ðat?
whimsey pond was there, and there were roach in it that

leŋθ | wɪ jɔ's tə katʃ əm wɪ nɛts | ðɪ wə sɔu
length! We used to catch them with nets. There were so

'mɛnɪ rɔutʃ ðɪə | ða kəd pɔt ə peɪs ə brɛd ɪn ðə
many roach there, you could put a piece of bread in the

pɔnd wɪ ðɪ nɛt | ən ðɪ jɔ's tə kɔm ən ða kəd
pond with your net, and they used to come and you could

lɪft əm a:t |||
lift them out.

Informant D

ðə mɔus pə'θɛtɪk θɪŋ aɪ 'ɛvə 'wɪt?nəst ət? 'sɛ̈lsn̩ | ɑ
The most pathetic thing I ever witnessed at Selston - I

wɔnts wɛnt? tɪu ə | 'bɪlək 'wɪlsn̩z | bɔ? | a? | an
once went to Billock Wilson's bu ... and ...

an a 'nɛvə lɒɪk tə si' 'anɪməlz kɪld | ən wɪ wɛnt? tə?
and I never liked to see animals killed; and we went to the

'slɔ:traus | əz ladz | ən ɔul 'bɪlək stɔd ðɪər ɪn ɪz
slaughter house as lads, and old Billock stood there in his

'e̤ɪprən jə nɔu ɛɪ wər ə 'grɪusəm 'bɛgə | ɛɪ sɛ̈z |
apron, you know, he was a gruesome beggar. He says -

ɛɪd gɔ ən gɛt drɔŋk ən | jə nɔu ðat? sɔ:t ə 'bɪznɪs |
he'd go and get drunk and, you know, that sort of business,

ən ɛɪd bɪ a:f drɔŋk wɛn ɪ wəz | ðɪ jɔ's tə kɪl
and he'd be half drunk when he was ... they used to kill

bi:f wɪ ði:z 'pɔulaksəz jə nɔu | ən | ɔ:l ət? wɔns
beef with these poleaxes, you know, and all at once

ðɪ wə ka:f kɔm ɔp ət? bak ə mɪ ɛɪ wə 'mæu^{w}ɪn |
there was a calf came up at the back of me, he was mooing,

ən ɛud 'bɪlək sɛz ɛɪz | ɛɪz 'mɛjɪn ə kɛnt
and old Billock says, "He's ... he's making a cant (whining)

ɛɪz nɔn 'frɛɪt?nd ||| ən ɛɪ wər ə 'lɪtl̩ bɪt əv ə ka:f |||
he's not frightened". And he was a little bit of a calf.

Informant D

BULL GUISING

dʒə nɔu 'ɛnɪθɪŋk ə'bæ:t? 'gaɪzəz || wɪ jɔ's tə gɔ ræ:nd
Do you know anything about guisers? We used to go round

əz ladz || wɪ jɔ's tə baŋt? duər 'ɔupn̩ ə gaŋ^{g} ə ladz
as lads; we used to bang the door open, a gang of lads,

ðɪ wər ə'bæ:t fɒɪv ə sɪks ɔv əz || wɛɪ jɔ's tə sɛ̝ɪ wɛɪ
there were about five or six of us; we used to say we're

'gu'ɪn bɔl 'gɒɪzɪn tə'nɒɪt | bɔl 'gɒɪzɪn ðɪ kɔ:d ɪt? ||
going bull guising tonight. Bull guising they called it.

plɛɪ ə bɔl ət? nɒɪt | ðɪ kɔ:d ɪt? || wɛɪ jɔ's tə sɛ̝ɪ
"Play a bull at night", they called it. We used to say,

aɪ ˈɔupn̩ ðə duər aɪ ˈɛntər ɪn | ɑl | ɑl | dɪu mɪ |
"I open the door, I enter in, I'll ... I'll do my ...

ɐ bɛg jə ˈpa:dn tə bɪ ɪn | ˈwɛðər ɐ stand ə sɪt ə fɔ:l |
I beg your pardon to be in, Whether I stand or sit or fall,

ɑl dɪu mɪ ˈdɪutɪ tə pli:z jər ɔ:l | ə ru:m | ə ru:m |
I'll do my duty to please you all. A room! a room!"

jə nɔu | ðɪ jɑˑs tə kɔm ɪn ə ru:m ə ru:m || ɪn
you know, they used to come in, "A room! a room!" In

kɔmz bɔl gɒɪ | jə nɔu ən ɔ:l ðaʔ ||| wɛɪ jɑˑs tə gɔ ɪn
comes Bull Guy, you know and all that. We used to go in

sɔm ˈfɔuksəz ˈæ:zəz | ən wɪ jɑˑs tə baŋʔ duər ˈɔupn̩ |
some folks' houses, and we used to bang the door open,

baŋʔ duər ˈɔupn̩ | aɪ ˈɔupn̩ ðə duər ɑɪ ˈɛntər ɪn | ɐn
bang the door open, "I open the door, I enter in!" and

ðẹɪ jɑˑs seɪ | jɛs ɐn jɔul bɪ ˈɛntərɪn æ:t ɪf jə
they used to say, "Yes and you'll be entering out if you're

nɔʔ guˑɪn ||| ˈɔunɪ sɔm sẹɪ | aɪ ˈɔupn̩ ðə duər aɪ
not going". Only some say, "I open the door, I

ˈɛntər ɪn ɑl fɛɪtʔ jə ˈfeɪðə tɪu bɪˈgɪn | ˈwɛðər ɐ
enter in, I'll fight your father to begin! Whether I

stand ə sɪt ə fɔ:l | ɑl dɪu mɪ ˈdɪutɪ tə pli:z jər ɔ:l |||
stand or sit or fall, I'll do my duty to please you all."

Informant F

ɑv ad sɔm rɔm rɪ'kwɛsts ɪ mɪ tɒɪm | bəʔ 'ðɪsn̩ kaps
I've had some rum requests in my time, but this one caps

ɔ: || ɑv 'nɪvə bɪn akst tə tɔ:k 'ɪntə wɔn ə ðɛm θɪŋz
all. I've never been asked to talk into one of those things

ə'foə || wël | ɑl dɪu mɪ bɛst || fɔst əv ɔ: | ɔv
before. Well, I'll do my best. First of all, I've

'gɛtʔn̩ tə θɪŋk ə 'sɔməʔ tə tɔ:k ə'bë:tʔ | bɔt | ɑ· 'dɔnə
got to think of something to talk about but, I don't

sə'pɔuz ɪtʔ 'matəz ə dɒɪb di:l ||| ɑ θɪŋk sɔm ə
suppose it matters a dibed (great) deal. I think some of

ðɪ ɛud 'sɛlsn̩ 'sẹɪnz əd 'apm̩ bɪ mɔust 'ɪntərɛstɪn |
the old Selston sayings would perhaps be most interesting,

bət ɪn sɔm 'kẹɪsəz ɑ:l ɛɪ tər ɛks'pli:n wɔtʔ ðɪ meɪn |||
but in some cases I'll have to explain what they mean.

wɛn ðə meɪtʔs ðɪ pal ɔntʔ rɔud ðə sɛz | 'ɛɪ jɔp ||
When you meet your pal on the road, you say, "Hey up",

ən ɛɪ rɪ'plɒɪz 'ɛɪjɔp | ɛ'a: tə || ðɛn ðə: sɛz
and he replies, "Hey up, how are you?" Then you say,

'mɪdlɪn | ɛə ðeɪ || ə'nɔðə 'grẹɪtɪn wɔ: || ɛə
"Middling. How are you?" Another greeting was, "How are

tə 'blɔuᵂɪn | ən ɑ: tə 'tɔnɪn ë:tʔ tə'nɛɪt || wɛn
you blowing?" and "Are you turning out tonight?" When

ðə wɛnt? tə? 'lɔuk̩ | wɛn ðad sat ə bɪt? | ə pal əd
you went to the local, when you'd sat a bit, a pal would

kɷm ɪn ən ɛɪd se̩ɪ a: dɪu | ən ðad se̩ɪ a: dɪu |
come in and he'd say, "How do", and you'd say, "How do",

ən ðɛn ðad se̩ɪ | sɷp ë:t ə̆t? blɪu ən | kɷs ðɪ
and then you'd say, "Sup out of the blue one", because they

wə blɪu pɒɪnt? pɒts || ən ðɛn ɛɪ pɪkt ɪt ɷp ən sɛd
were blue pint pots, and then he picked it up and said,

gɷd ɛlθ | ən ðɛn ɛɪ ad ə gɷd 'gɷz̩ ë:t ə ðɒɪn |
"Good health", and then he had a good guzzle out of yours,

ən wɛn ɛɪ gɔt ɪz pɒɪnt? ðə ad tə sɷp ë:t ər 'ɪzn̩ || ɪf
and when he got his pint you had to sup out of his. If

ðə wɛnt ɪn ən 'nɷbdɪ sɛd sɷp | ðə? wər ə ʃuə sɒɪn ðə
you went in and nobody said "Sup", that was a sure sign you

wə̆t ɪnt? bad blʊks ||| ə'bë:t ɔ:? mɛn wə 'mɒɪnəz |
were in the bad books. About all the men were miners,

ənt? tʃi:f 'tɔpɪk wə? pit | ən jəd ə: | gɛt? tə nɔu
and the chief topic was the pit and you'd ... get to know

æ: 'mɛnɪ tɷbz ðɪd fɪld | ən u: wər ɔnt? bak ʃɪf
how many tubs they'd filled, and who was on the back shift

nɛks wɪk || ðɪ wər ə fɪu 'fa̲:məz | ən
(night shift) next week. There were a few farmers, and

ðe̩ɪ tɔnd æ:t ə bɪt? 'le̩ɪtər ɔn | 'aftə ðɪd mɔkt æ:t
they turned out a bit later on, after they'd mucked out,

ən fɛd ɔ: ræ:nd || ə gʊd fa̱:m 'lɐ̣ɪbərə wər ɛks'pɛktəd tə |
and fed all round. A good farm labourer was expected to

θak ə stak || pli:tʃ ə hɛdʒ | mɪlk ə kæ: | ræ:nd
"thack a stack", "pleach" a hedge, milk a cow, round

ɒp? kæ:z wɛn ðɪ wə 'ræ:ndʒɪn | ɪn 'si:zn̩ ðat ɪz |
up the cows when they were "rounging", in season, that is,

ə 'gadɪn | 'bɪt?n bɪ 'gadflɒɪz || ðɪ wər ɛks'pɛktəd
or "gadding" (bitten by gadflies). They were expected

tə jɪuz ə sɒɪð ər ə 'bɔnɪri:k |||
to use a scythe or a bonny rake.

What is a bonny rake?

wɛl ða nɔuz 'vɛrɪ wɛl wɔt ə 'bɔnɪri:k ɪz | ɪt?s ə
Well, you know very well what a bonny rake is. It's a

grɛt bɪg 'ɔ:mɪn ri:k | ə'bæ̈:t ə ja̱:d ən ə ɛɪf lɔŋ | wɪ
great big orming rake, about a yard and a half long, with

ə 'andl̩ ɔn | ən ðad gɔt? tə gɛt ɛud ə? 'andl̩ ən
a handle on, and you'd got to get hold of the handle, and

wɔ:k ɪn frɒnt ə? ri:k | ən pɔlt? ri:k ən'tɪl ðɪ
walk in front of the rake, and pull the rake until there

wə | əz mɔtʃ i: ɪn ɪt əz ða ad tə stɔp ən ðɛn bak æ:t |||
was as much hay in it as you had to stop and then back out.

tʃi:f spɔ:? wəz ɔs 'rɐ̣ɪsɪn | ən mɔust ɔn əm ad ə
The chief sport was horse-racing, and most of them had a

'tanər ɔn məust di:z || səm əʔ 'kɔljəz kɛp 'rɛ̨ɪsɪn
tanner on most days. Some of the colliers kept racing

'pɪdʒɪnz | ə ðə 'skɪmə və'rɒɪtɪ | ən spɛnt͡ʃʔ | 'aʊəz
pigeons of the "skimmer" variety, and spent hours

'tri:nɪn əm fər ə mɒɪl rɛ̨ɪs wɪtʃ wə rɒn ɔn ə 'swɛɪpstɛ̨ɪk
training them for a mile race, which was run on a sweepstake

stɒɪl ||| a: rɪ'mɛmbə səm ə ðə θɪŋz ðɪ sɛd tɪu əz
style. I remember some of the things they said to us

əz kɪdz wɛn wɛd dɔn ɛut͡ʃʔ rɔŋ | sɔt͡ʃ əz | a:l
as kids, when we'd done anything wrong, such as, "I'll

nɔk ðɪ sɛ̨ɪm rɛnt͡ʃʔ | ən | a:l 'klɪvəs ðɪ wɔn ||
knock your seam rent", and "I'll clivus (strike) you one".

a:l gɪ ðɪ ə 'salɪt ət͡ʃʔ sɒɪd əʔ jɛd | ən
"I'll give you a sallet (blow) at the side of the head", and

wɪəz ðɪ bri:nz || a:l wak ðɪ bak'sɒɪd fɔ ðɪ
"Where's your brains?" "I'll whack your backside for you",

ən ɔl skɛlp ðɪ || ɔ: ðeɪz θrɛt͡ʃs wə fə 'sɔmɪʔ
and, "I'll skelp you". All these threats were for something

joud 'nɪvə dɔn | 'məuslɪ fə 'beʲɪn lɛ̨ɪt͡ʃʔ wɔm frəm skɪul
you'd never done; mostly for being late home from school,

ə 'beʲɪn lɛ̨ɪt͡ʃʔ wɔm əʔ 'bɛdtɒɪm || wɪəz tə bɪn tɪl
or being late home at bedtime. "Where have you been till

nɛə | ðaʔ wə ðə 'jɪuʃɔl 'greɪtɪn | nɛks tɒɪm ðat͡ʃʔ
now?" That was the usual greeting. "Next time you are

leɪt ðal nɔn fə'gɪt ɪt ɪn ə 'ɔrɪ | ən ɪf ða meɪd
late you'll not forget it in a hurry!" and if you made

'ɛnɪ ə'tɛmp tə ɛks'pleɪn ða wər 'ɔ:dəd tə 'ʃɔrɔp |
any attempt to explain, you were ordered to "Shut up",

ən ða wər 'i:ðər ə | ə greɪʔ sɔf nɔ:p | ər ə 'sɪlɪ
and you were either a "great soft norp", or a "silly

fɪul | ə ða wə nɔʔ reɪt ʃa:p ||| 'kɔmɪn bak təʔ
fool", or you were "not right sharp". Coming back to the

pɔb | 'dɔmɪnɔuz wə ðə 'pɔplə geɪm | ən ðɪ wə sɔm
pub, dominoes was the popular game, and there were some

'fɔnɪ ɛks'preʃənz | sɔtʃ əz || 'dɔbl̩ sɪks wə kɔ:d ɛud
funny expressions such as, double six was called "old

skweə jɛd || 'dɔbl̩ fuə wəʔ pɪg trɔf || ən ə lɔt
square head", double four was the "pig trough", and a lot

ər 'ɔðəz sɔtʃ əz snɔu 'ʃɔntə ən sɔu ɔn ||| ʔbɔɪz
of others such as "snow shunter", and so on. The boys'

geɪmz wə 'fɔʔbɔ: | 'krɪkɪt | ənʔ 'jɪuʒəl geɪmz
games were football, cricket, and the usual games

pli:d bɒɪ 'vɪlɪdʒəz || 'ma: blz dɪ'pɛndəd ɔnʔ 'wɛðə |
played by villagers. Marbles depended on the weather,

bət ɪf ɪʔ wə fɒɪn ɔn 'paŋkeɪk di: ðɪ wə 'plɛntɪ ə
but if it was fine on pancake day there were plenty of

'pli:əz || sɔm ə ðɪ ɛks'preʃənz wə | 'fɔlə tɔ: |
players. Some of the expressions were, "follow taw",

'bʊlrɪŋ || ɪf ðə lɔst ɔ: ðɪ 'mą:bl̥z ðə akst fər
"bull-ring"; if you lost all your marbles you asked for

ə dʊbz | ə tə bɪ stę̥ɪkt ʊp || ɪf ðə wə 'pli:ɪn tʃɔk |
a "dubs", or to be "staked up". If you were playing chock,

ɪ? wə gɪz ə 'fɔ:rə tɛɪ ə 'fɔ:rə || jɔu stʊd ɔn
it was "give us a fourer", "Take a fourer"; you stood on

ðɪ ɔfs tə bë:l
the "offs" to birl (roll, throw [marbles]) ə? rɪŋ | ən
at the ring, and

ɪf jər ə'pɔunənt? kɔ:d nɔu strɪgz jə wə nɔt ə'læ:d
if your opponent called "No striggs", you were not allowed

tə ʃɪft | bət jæd tə bë:l frɔm wɪə jə stʊd |||
to shift, but you had to birl from where you stood.

Informant G

ɛud tad 'a:zlɪ | u: lɪvd da:nʔ rəud || ɛɪ wɔns stɔd
Old Tad Housley, who lived down the road, he once stood

ɐtʔ leɪn ɛnd | 'ɔndəwɔd leɪn ɛnd ðə nəuz || ən 'sɔmbədɪ
at Lane End, Underwood Lane End, you know; and somebody

pəld ɔp ɪ wɔn ə ði:z ɪə 'nɪufan,taŋgl̩ ka:z ən sɛd |
pulled up in one of these here new-fangled cars and said,

kan tə tɛl mɪʔ rəud tə 'mansfɪld dad || ɛɪ sɛz |
"Can you tell me the road to Mansfield dad?" He says,

an an an | u: toud ðɪ mɑ: neɪm wə tad ||
"And ... and ... and ... who told you my name was Tad?"

sɔutʔ tʃap ɪntʔ ka: ɛɪ grɪnd ən ɛɪ sɛz | ɑ gɛst
So the chap in the car, he grinned and he says, "I guessed

ɪtʔ || ɛɪ sɛz ɑ' | ɑ' | ɑ' | ɛɪ sɛz | ən ðə
it". He says "Aye ... aye ... aye", he says, "and you

kən gɛs ðɪ rəud tə 'mansfɪld ||| ɑ: rɪ'mɛmbər ɛud 'bɔstɔk |
can guess your way to Mansfield. I remember old Bostock,

ən dʒɔu lɪm || wɔn di: | ðɪ mɛt əʔ 'ga:dn̩ geɪtʔ ||
and Joe Limb. One day, they met at the garden gate,

ən 'bɔstɔk əd gɔd ə greɛtʔ 'swɛ̈lɪn ɔn ɪz feɪs || dʒɔu
and Bostock had got a great swelling on his face. Joe

lɪm sɛz | wɔtʔs ə 'matə 'bɔstɔk || ɛɪ sɛz ɑ:v
Limb says, "What's the matter, Bostock?" He says, "I've

gɔt? 'tɪuθɛɪk || ən dʒɔu sɛz | dɔz ði: nɔu 'bɔstɔk
got toothache"; and Joe says, "Do you know, Bostock,

wɔt ɑ: ʃəd dɪu ɪ ðɑ? wə mɒɪn || ɛɪ sɛz nɔu ||
what I should do if that was mine?" He says, "No".

ɛɪ sɛz | wɛl | ɑ: ʃəd ɛɪ ɪt æ:t? || ən ɛɪ sɛz
He says, "Well, I should have it out". And he says,

ɑ: | ən ɪf ɪ? wə ðɒɪ 'bɔgər ɑ: ʃəd ɛɪ ɪt æ:t? |||
"Aye, and if it was your bugger I should have it out".

ɛud 'bɔstɔk wënt ə'krɔs tə? 'ba:bəz | tɛɪ ə ʃeɪv ||
Old Bostock went across to the barber's, to have a shave;

ən ɛɪ wə 'laðərɪn ɪm ən 'laðərɪn ɪm ən 'laðərɪn ɪm |
and he was lathering him and lathering him and lathering him,

ən 'tɔ:kɪn ən 'tɔ:kɪn ən 'tɔ:kɪn || tɪl ɛud 'bɔstɔk gɔ?
and talking and talking and talking, till old Bostock got

kwɑ:? fɛd ɔp || ən ðɪ wər 'ɔunɪ ɪm ɪnt? ʃɔp || ən
quite fed up; and there was only him in the shop; and

ɛɪ kɛp 'gu'ɪn tə ðə pɔt | 'dɪpɪn ɪz brɔʃ ɪn | ən
he kept going to the pot, dipping his brush in and

'sɔupɪn | ən 'kɔmɪn ən 'laðərɪn ɪm || ɔ:l ə? wɔns ɛud
soaping, and coming and lathering him. All at once old

'bɔstɔk dʒɔmps ɔp | grabz ɛud ət? ta'əl ən wɒɪps
Bostock jumps up, grabs hold of the towel and wipes the

'lɑðər ɔf ɪz feɪs | ɛɪ sɛz | ɑ:l kʌm tə'mɔrə
lather off his face. He says, "I'll come tomorrow

'dʒɔnɪ | tə bɪ ʃɛɪvd wɛn ðɑz nɔn sə 'bɪzɪ |||
Johnny, to be shaved when you're not so busy".